Miss America

10c
FEB.

PATSY WALKER has never been GAYER, FUNNIER, or more ROMANTIC!

DON'T MISS:
"LOVE LAUGHS LAST!"

"I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE

until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week"

(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)

If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only *promised* her relief—but *gave* it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie-star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours —*take my word for it!*—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the Double Treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 561 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both

jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment *must* work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

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YOU, TOO, CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL-CHARMING and POPULAR! *At Once!*

"What has 'she' got that I haven't?"—Do you often ask yourself this question, wondering why some girls are popular and happy while others are lonesome and depressed? Here's the secret of popularity—you must "highlight" and dramatize your strong points, and hide your weak ones. When you learn how to do this, you have learned the "inside story" of a girl's success!

TAKE THOSE KINKS OUT of Your Appearance and Personality

Now you can have an amazing book, "BETTER THAN BEAUTY", by Helen Valentine and Alice Thompson (famous beauty, fashion and etiquette authorities), which tells you in exact detail how thousands of others have dramatized their charming points—and achieved astonishing popularity. You, too can learn—almost at a glance—how to highlight your most favorable characteristics of figure, of face, of mannerisms, of intellect. You, too, can learn how to be an interesting companion and conversationalist. You, too, can learn to be the kind of a girl that other girls envy and boys admire. "BETTER THAN BEAUTY" reveals to you the "mysteries" of feminine appeal and how you can quickly develop your own enticing charms.

FREE! *with "Better Than Beauty"* Famous *Queen Helene* Complete MINT JULEP COCKTAIL FACIALS

Have you always admired and envied the delicate beauty and fine skin texture of the famous fashion models? Then here's your chance to profit by one of their secret beauty rites. Try a Mint Julep Cocktail Facial in the privacy of your own home. It's the very same treatment designed by an outstanding dermatologist and now featured at the smartest Beauty Salons for as much as $2.50. After the rigors of a crowded day's schedule, many of the nationally known models find soothing, cooling relaxation with a Mint Julep Cocktail Facial. It's a jiffy routine that leaves your skin immaculately clean, fresh and young, and sets you up for fun of playtime hours.

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Fully Illustrated

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FOR EVERY GIRL WHO WANTS TO BE LOVELY

"BETTER THAN BEAUTY"

A Complete Guide to Charm

• PART OF CONTENTS •

SECTION I—WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOURSELF

1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
13. How much sleep do you need?
14. When is a girl smartly dressed?
15. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
16. How to dress if you are very tall.
17. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do.
18. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; what goes with what.
19. Building your wardrobe.
20. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
21. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
22. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS

23. How to meet people in social and poised manners.
24. Adding interest to your voice.
25. The art of conversation.
26. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
27. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
28. Having a good time at a party.
29. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
30. How are your telephone manners?
31. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
32. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
33. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
34. How to handle the question of money matters.
35. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
36. Charm like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired.

APPENDIX: An 8-page Calorie Table of everyday foods (a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight).

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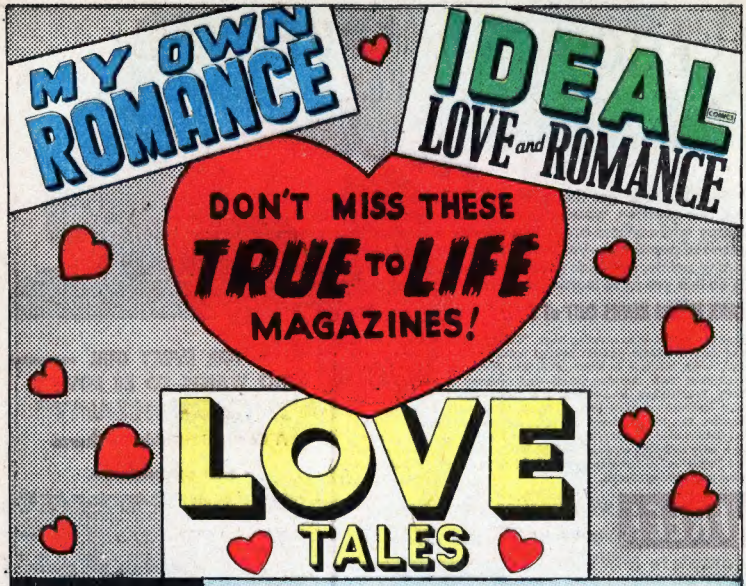

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COMICS

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SWEET AND SOUR . . .

If you like fish—and especially pike or pickerel, you should like the results of cooking it this "sweet and sour" way.

Get three or four pounds of sliced pike or pickerel. Cover it with boiling, salted water. Add half a cup of brown sugar and ¼ of a cup of vinegar. Season with a teaspoon of onion juice and one whole lemon, sliced and seeded. Let the liquid come to a boil. Then cut down the heat, and simmer until the fish is tender. Remove the fish from the pan.

Taste the stock to be sure it is both sour and sweet; if not, flavor to taste. Strain the stock, and add to one cupful of it four gingersnaps, which have been ground to powder. Stir to a paste. Then add the rest of the stock with ¼ of a cup of washed, plumped raisins. Cook to a smooth sauce, checking again on that sweet and sour flavor before pouring it over the fish. Serve this one cold.

YOU'LL LOVE "MY OWN ROMANCE" ON SALE NOW!!

TRUE OR FALSE?

No two girls are exactly alike on "those days" of the month!

TRUE. So, if you compare notes on "those days" with a classmate and find that her schedule, her number of days, the way she feels are a bit different from yours, *don't* fret!

And *do* be informed on this important subject. You'll find "all the answers" in the new Modess Booklet, "Growing Up and Liking It."

You'll like its gay illustrations, its friendly talk, and its tips on young beauty, poise, and health.

Modess will send you a FREE copy—if you mail the coupon below!

TRUE OR FALSE?

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Please send me, in plain wrapper, a FREE copy of "Growing Up and Liking It."

Name_____

Address_____

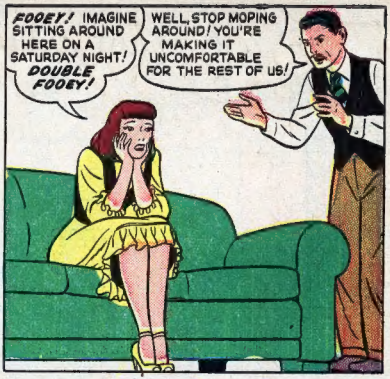
City_____

State_____ Age_____

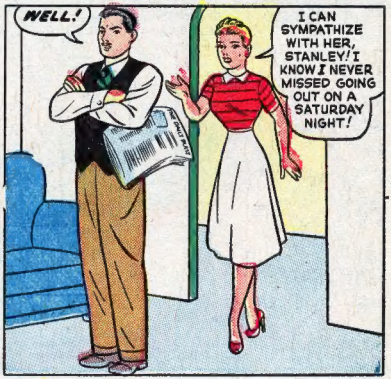
Editorial Consultant: Jean Thompson, M.D., Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau; Board of Education, New York City

PATSY WALKER

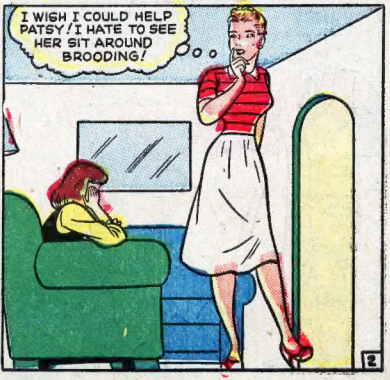
HE DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT TILL THE LAST MINUTE! NOW I'M STUCK WITHOUT A DATE FOR TONIGHT!
IT'LL DO YOU GOOD TO STAY HOME ONCE IN A WHILE!

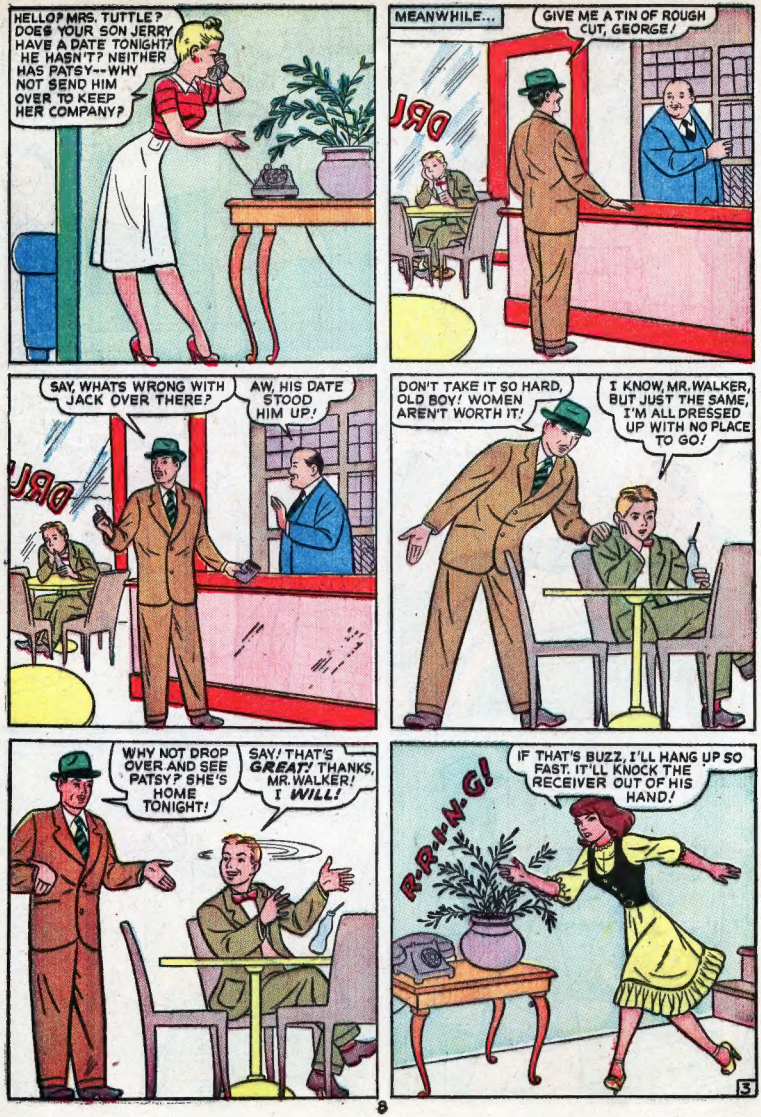

FOOEY! IMAGINE SITTING AROUND HERE ON A SATURDAY NIGHT! DOUBLE FOOEY!
WELL, STOP MOPING AROUND! YOU'RE MAKING IT UNCOMFORTABLE FOR THE REST OF US!

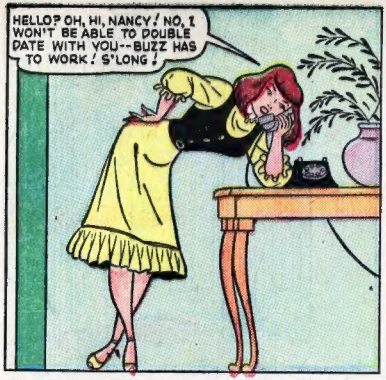
OH, HOW COULD I EXPECT UNDERSTANDING FROM YOU? YOU WERE NEVER YOUNG!


WELL!
I CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH HER, STANLEY! I KNOW I NEVER MISSED GOING OUT ON A SATURDAY NIGHT!

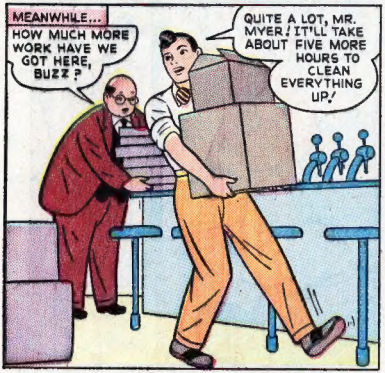
I'M GOING OUT TO GET SOME PIPE TOBACCO!


I WISH I COULD HELP PATSY! I HATE TO SEE HER SIT AROUND BROODING!
2


HELLO? MRS. TUTTLE? DOES YOUR SON JERRY HAVE A DATE TONIGHT? HE HASN'T? NEITHER HAS PATSY--WHY NOT SEND HIM OVER TO KEEP HER COMPANY?
MEANWHILE...
GIVE ME A TIN OF ROUGH CUT, GEORGE!
DRI
SAY, WHATS WRONG WITH JACK OVER THERE?
AW, HIS DATE STOOD HIM UP!
DRU
DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, OLD BOY! WOMEN AREN'T WORTH IT!
I KNOW, MR. WALKER, BUT JUST THE SAME, I'M ALL DRESSED UP WITH NO PLACE TO GO!
WHY NOT DROP OVER AND SEE PATSY? SHE'S HOME TONIGHT!
SAY! THAT'S GREAT! THANKS, MR. WALKER! I WILL!
R-R-I-N-G!
IF THAT'S BUZZ, I'LL HANG UP SO FAST. IT'LL KNOCK THE RECEIVER OUT OF HIS HAND!
3


HELLO? OH, HI, NANCY! NO, I WON'T BE ABLE TO DOUBLE DATE WITH YOU--BUZZ HAS TO WORK! S'LONG!

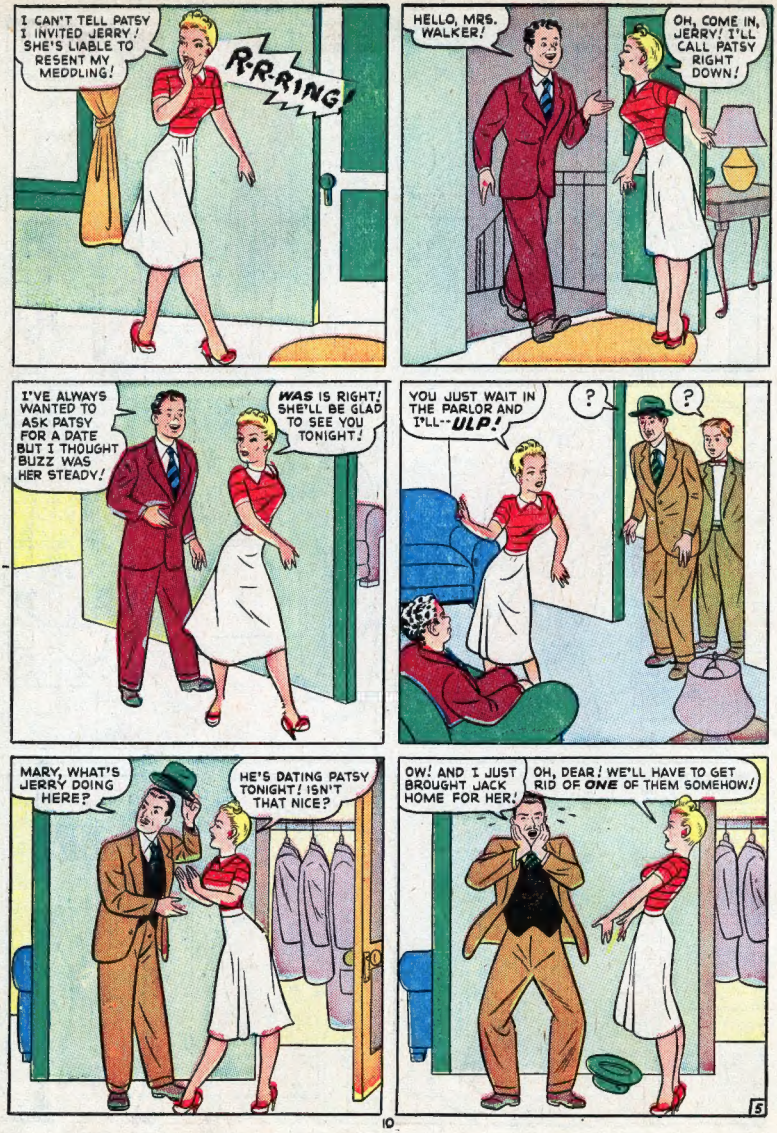
GEE, PATSY CAN'T GO WITH US! SHE HASN'T GOT A DATE!
HOW ABOUT MY FRIEND DICK? I'LL CALL HIM UP AND TELL HIM TO CALL FOR HER!


MEANWHILE...
HOW MUCH MORE WORK HAVE WE GOT HERE, BUZZ?
QUITE A LOT, MR. MYER! IT'LL TAKE ABOUT FIVE MORE HOURS TO CLEAN EVERYTHING UP!

IN THAT CASE, WE'LL LET IT GO TILL MONDAY, BUZZ! YOU CAN GO HOME NOW!
GEE, MR. MYER, THAT'S SWELL! THANKS A LOT!

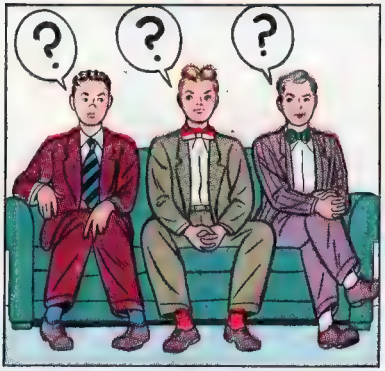
YIPPEE! NOW I CAN CALL ON PATSY AFTER ALL!

NO USE JUST STANDING AROUND! GUESS I'LL TAKE A SHOWER AND GO TO BED!


I CAN'T TELL PATSY I INVITED JERRY! SHE'S LIABLE TO RESENT MY MEDDLING!
R-R-RING!
HELLO, MRS. WALKER!
OH, COME IN, JERRY! I'LL CALL PATSY RIGHT DOWN!
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO ASK PATSY FOR A DATE BUT I THOUGHT BUZZ WAS HER STEADY!
WAS IS RIGHT! SHE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU TONIGHT!
YOU JUST WAIT IN THE PARLOR AND I'LL--ULP!
?
?
MARY, WHAT'S JERRY DOING HERE?
HE'S DATING PATSY TONIGHT! ISN'T THAT NICE?
OW! AND I JUST BROUGHT JACK HOME FOR HER!
OH, DEAR! WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF ONE OF THEM SOMEHOW!
5

THIS IS THE ADDRESS ALL RIGHT!
1410
R-R-ING!

HELLO! MY NAME'S DICK! NANCY AND BRUCE TOLD ME TO CALL FOR PATSY!
YIPE!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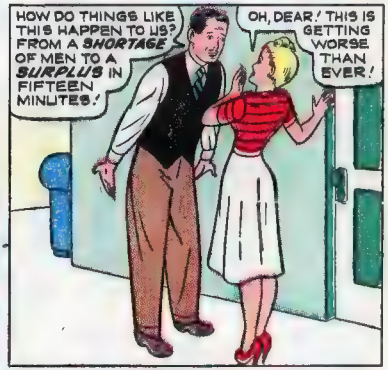
HOW DO THINGS LIKE THIS HAPPEN TO US? FROM A SHORTAGE OF MEN TO A SURPLUS IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!
OH, DEAR! THIS IS GETTING WORSE THAN EVER!

IT'S ALL THAT BUZZ'S FAULT! IF HE HADN'T BROKEN HIS DATE IN THE FIRST PLACE, THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!
R-R-RING!

HELLO, MR. WALKER!
OH, NO!
6

JOIN THE PARTY! WE'RE RAFFLING PATSY OFF AS SOON AS THE ARMY AND NAVY GETS HERE!
?
? ? ?
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA CUTTING IN ON MY DATE?
YOUR DATE? PATSY'S MY DATE TONIGHT!
YOU'RE BOTH WRONG!
ALL THREE OF YOU ARE ALL WET!
BETTER SEND THE RIOT SQUAD, CHIEF!
CRASH!
BANG!
ALL RIGHT, BOYS--BEAT IT HOME! AND DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU DISTURBIN' THE PEACE AGAIN OR I'LL RUN YOU ALL IN!
PATSY! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
I WAS TAKING A SHOWER! I MAY AS WELL GO TO BED EARLY!
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH SUFFERING NOT HAVING A DATE THIS SATURDAY NIGHT HAS BROUGHT!
CLUNK!
THE END
7

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ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____
☐ I enclose $1.98 each for_____Bras. Postage prepaid.

A WEEK FOR ROMANCE!

PENNY HUGHES dropped her suitcases in front of an important-looking official. "Is this the train to Tall Hollow?" she asked, brushing tears from her eyes.

Surprisingly, the official jumped up at once and grabbed her bags. "This way, Miss," he said.

Here she was — alone, going to a village in Connecticut when she should have been with her parents on the way to California. Her family's decision to move from New York to Los Angeles was the most thrilling thing that had ever happened to Penny, and she'd waited for today with breathless excitement. Then at the last minute, because the new house wasn't quite ready, her parents decided to go on ahead. She was to follow a week later. Another whole *week* of waiting! And she had to spend it with an old couple named Jamieson whom she'd never seen before. These next seven days would be endless agony.

The official opened a door and bowed. "We hope you'll be comfortable," he said.

Penny found herself in a drawing room compartment of amazing luxury. Wonderingly, she looked at her ticket, but it unmistakably stated that she was entitled only to one coach seat. "I think there's some mistake," she said.

"Aren't you Lisa Stanhope? Doesn't your father own this railroad?" the man asked.

"*I'm* Lisa Stanhope," a voice from the door said.

Penny turned around to see a girl her own age, the same size and with similar dark hair and brown eyes, but the resemblance ended there. Penny was prettier, she knew without conceit.

"She answered your description," the official was apologizing to Lisa Stanhope, "and she's also going to Tall Hollow."

Lisa turned to Penny. "Are you going to Trudy van Pellon's house party, too?" she asked.

Penny said no, politely, and reached for her bags. "Why don't you stay?" Lisa smiled encouragingly. Penny hesitated. "I'd like having you." Lisa added.

An hour later Penny had decided that her wealthy hostess was nice. "You'll like Los Angeles," Lisa was saying. "My uncle lives there."

Penny had learned that Lisa hated social life and preferred staying home to read, of all things, Latin poetry! But her mother was always insisting that she go to parties. It was her mother who'd wanted her to accept the invitation for a week's festivity at the van Pellon's estate, ten miles outside of Tall Hollow. "Your week sounds wonderfully exciting to me!" Penny exclaimed.

"And yours sounds perfect to me," Lisa sighed "Imagine a whole week away from everyone with nothing to do but read Livius Andronicus!"

Lisa stiffened. "Why don't we?" she asked suddenly.

"You mean . . ."

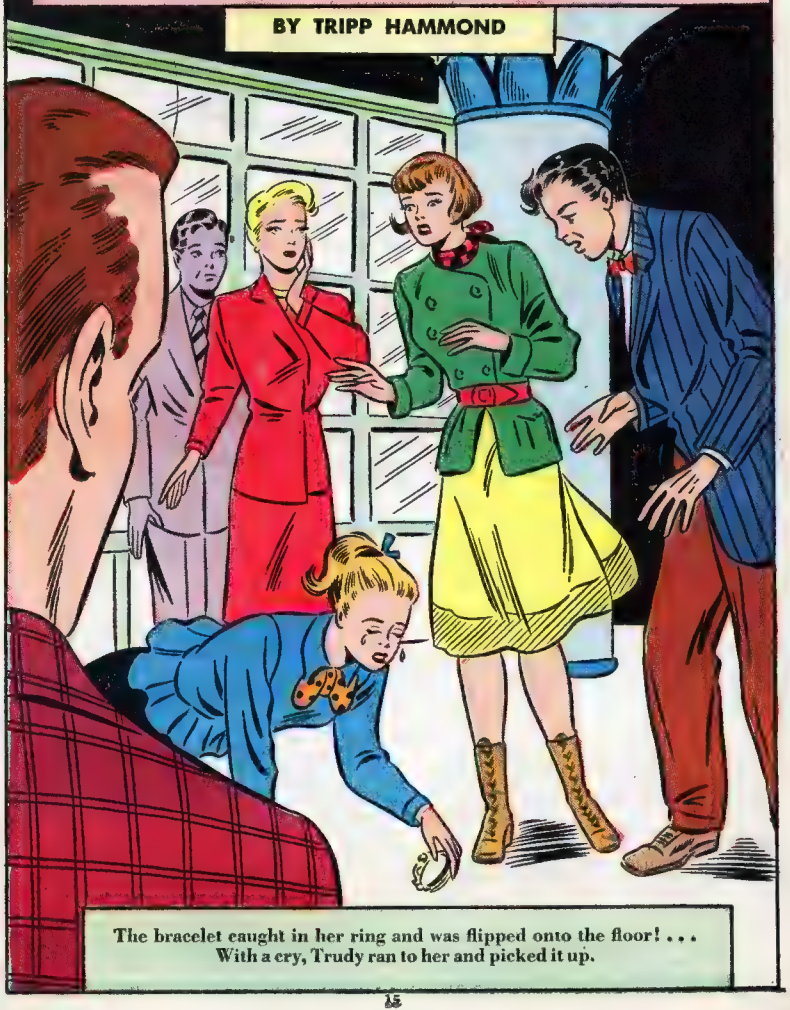
"Yes!" Lisa declared. "You'll go as me to the van Pellons', and I'll go as you to the Jamiesons'."

She was joking, of course, so Penny laughed.

"I mean it," Lisa insisted. "No one knows us in Tall

PENNY WAS SURE IT WAS GOING TO BE A DULL WEEK — BUT THAT WAS BEFORE SHE BEGAN PLAYING A DIFFERENT ROLE!

BY TRIPP HAMMOND



The bracelet caught in her ring and was flipped onto the floor! . . . With a cry, Trudy ran to her and picked it up.

"I'm going to like Trudy's party," he said admiringly.

Hollow, and we look vaguely alike anyhow. You'd be doing me a favor . . ."

Two hours later, still amazed at what had happened, Penny was in a limousine, Lisa Stanhope's luggage at her feet. Thinking of the Jamiesons, she giggled. How pleased they'd be with the quiet, studious girl they'd think was Penny! Then she thought of Marc Fellsworth. He'd be at Trudy's party. If Penny could make an impression on him, Lisa had said, Lisa's mother would be pleased, Penny's heart beat faster.

The car swung into a small airfield. "I'm picking up another guest," the chauffeur explained.

A moment later a dark-haired boy jumped in beside her, then looked her over and whistled. "I'm going to like Trudy's party," he said admiringly.

"I hope you will," Penny primly replied.

He introduced himself as Kerry Atherton. When Penny said she was Lisa Stanhope, he looked incredulous. "Not the gal with all the railroads!" he exclaimed.

Penny learned that Kerry came from out West. His family's position was not overly impressive, but he went to school in the East. He knew Trudy and a few of her guests.

When they arrived, Trudy's guests, about twenty of them, were in the game room around a ping-pong table. The boy with the enormous shoulders would be Marc Fellsworth. He'd just finished a game and was flushed with victory. After Penny and Kerry were introduced, there was an awkward silence. "They were having an impromptu ping-pong tournament," Trudy's mother explained, "but perhaps you'd rather see our library . . ."

Suddenly Penny realized that these people thought Lisa was important socially, but dull and mousy otherwise. "I'd much rather play in the tournament," she said, smiling shyly. "In fact, I've always secretly believed I'm the world's champion ping-pong player!" She let her smile widen to show she was fooling. "I'll challenge the winner."

The guests sat up. "You've challenged *me*," Marc Fellsworth said. Three other boys came to offer her a paddle.

"What prize does the winner get?" Trudy van Pelton asked.

Penny considered. "If I win, the loser gives me a private skiing lesson," she said.

Marc smiled, "And if you lose?"

"Then you give me a pigg-pong lesson," Penny said, and everyone laughed. But as they began to play, Penny saw that Kerry was scowling.

Penny lost — but won. Marc promised her a skiing lesson anyway. More important, the others no longer thought she was a square.

After dinner the guests gathered around the fireplace, Kerry Atherton and Marc Fellsworth sitting at Penny's feet. "How can you stand that Fellsworth character?" Kerry asked her. "You can see he's the type that beats little children!"

"I am not," Marc said indignantly.

Penny patted his head, and she and Kerry laughed. "Atherton's the wise guy of Hamilton Prep," Marc continued. "You'd better watch him." He poked a finger at Kerry. "Lisa is the sweet, straightforward type. She prefers an honest, rugged guy like me."

"Lisa's an intellectual," Kerry bristled. "She just feels sorry for you!"

Penny patted both their heads and made them sing the Hamilton Prep School song. Afterward, Trudy sang the Lana Hall song. Being Lisa Stanhope was easy and exciting, Penny thought comfortably. But then Trudy asked Penny to sing *her* school song. Without thinking, Penny began. "P. S. Sixty-two," she sang, "we're very fond of you . . ." She'd almost finished before she remembered that was *her* song, not Lisa's, and she didn't even know where Lisa went to school! Suddenly the others began to laugh. They thought it was a joke! Before there could be more discussion of schools, Penny said she had to go to bed.

"I'll see you at breakfast," Kerry said softly.

"Don't forget skiing," Marc said. "I'll call you *before* breakfast!"

In her room Penny collapsed on the bed, relieved. That business about the schools had been close! Tomorrow she'd have to phone Lisa to find out where she went to school, and she'd call from outside so no one could overhear. In bed she thought of Trudy. Obviously Trudy, inviting Lisa, had expected a mousy creature who'd give her no competition with the boys. Then Penny remembered Kerry and smiled. Too bad that Marc's friendship was more important to Lisa than Kerry's.

At 7:30 the next morning Marc led Penny to the car which would take them up the hill. They found

Kerry already there! "Why don't you go back to bed?" Marc sounded annoyed.

"I saw Lisa first," Kerry said, "and I'm going to see that you don't break her neck on that hill!"

Penny kept them apart until they reached the hill. "Looks like an easy course," Kerry said, studying the trail down the hillside. "What's the slalom record for it?"

"Twenty-three minutes," Marc said. "I made it."

"You couldn't do that in forty minutes," Kerry scoffed. "Your watch must have stopped."

"What time is it now?" Marc asked grimly.

"Seven fifty-two," Kerry said.

"Clock me with your own watch," Marc said. "I'll break my record or my skis!" Then he disappeared down the course.

"You did that to get rid of him!" Penny exclaimed.

"All's fair in love," Kerry reminded her, grinning. "You don't really like him. He's only a vacuum with muscles and money."

"You're too sure of yourself," Penny said icily. He was right, she knew, but did he have to be so confident about it?

"Don't be angry," he pleaded. "Look," he continued, "on the last night here there's going to be a big costume ball. We're to pick partners for it. Will you go with me?"

"I don't know," Penny said, and started down.

The trail narrowed soon, and Kerry took the lead. A few minutes later Penny could see, at the bottom of the hill, an inn which she remembered was about a mile from Trudy's house on the road to Tall Hollow. She could call Lisa from there. She turned suddenly and swooped down the hill. Swerving behind a clump of trees, she was out of Kerry's sight before he knew she was gone.

At the inn she got Lisa and learned that she went to Miss Lancer's Finishing School. Then Penny asked how she was getting on at the Jamiesons. "It's *perfect!*" Lisa declared.

As Penny left the inn, one of Trudy's guests, a boy named Wilby, joined her. "I came here for breakfast because no one was up at the house yet," he explained. Wilby drove her back to the house, and Penny went in with him to find the others at breakfast.

"How you *do* get around!" Trudy said bitingly. "You go out with one boy, change him for another, and leave *him* for a third — all before breakfast!"

Kerry took her arm and dragged her to a corner. "Why did you ditch me?" he asked.

"I — I didn't want to, Kerry," she answered truthfully.

Kerry softened. "What about the costume ball?"

"I think I'll wait until Marc asks me," she said, not looking at him.

Kerry was silent. "It's his family and money, I suppose," he said finally, and walked away.

Penny hurt inside. Marc pulled her into the chair beside his. "I showed Kerry," he bragged. "Knocked twelve seconds off the record." He handed her a waffle. "We'll continue your lesson later," he said.

Being someone else wasn't so easy, Penny decided. Nevertheless, by staying with the crowd she kept out of further trouble — until that night. It was after dinner, and the guests were gathered around the fireplace again. "It's odd," Trudy said suddenly, "how different Lisa looks from what I expected."

Several of the others murmured in agreement.

"But you never saw me! How did you know what I'd look like?" Penny asked.

"That portrait the famous painter did last summer," Trudy said. "I saw the picture in the papers. Let's see — what was the artist's name?"

Penny gulped. She had no idea who had painted Lisa's portrait.

"He's very famous," Trudy continued. "Who was it, Lisa?"

Luckily, Penny was saved by the arrival of the butler carrying a telephone. "A Miss Penny Hughes is calling Miss Stanhope," he said.

Penny grabbed the phone. "Penny?" she said. "Is everything all right?"

"No," said Lisa. There was a pause. Obviously Lisa was with the Jamiesons and couldn't talk freely. Then she continued, "I just remembered you stayed around here, and I thought we could meet. That inn near your place? Fine." Lisa was evidently having a conversation with herself. "Ten o'clock tomorrow?" she went on. "Yes, I can make it."

"Okay," Penny said.

"Are things all right with you?" Lisa asked.

"No," Penny said, adding, "we're sitting around discussing portrait painters."

Lisa was silent for a moment. "You mean the one done of me six months ago?" Lisa asked.

"Yes!" Penny said, thankful for Lisa's intelligence.

Swerving behind a clump of trees, she was out of Kerry's sight before he knew she was gone.

"Jerome Fraiser," Lisa said.

"Perfect," Penny answered.

"Tomorrow then?"

"Right," said Penny, and hung up. "We were talking about Jerome Fraiser, weren't we?" she asked.

Penny deliberately slept late the next morning to avoid being involved with the others. The maid who served her breakfast told her that the party had planned to go ice-skating, but the river was too wet. They'd gone sleigh riding instead. Penny got her skates and made sure that the servants saw her set out toward the river. Then she headed for the inn.

Lisa rushed forward to meet her. "If you only knew what I've gone through!" she exclaimed, pulling Penny into a booth. "The Jamiesons want to wire your family that I arrived safely, and they want the California address. I had to stall so I told them I'd send the telegram this morning."

Penny wrote out the address. "It's these *little* things that are difficult," she said, and Lisa nodded in agreement.

On the way back to the house a glitter beside the road caught Penny's eye. She stooped down and picked up a gold bracelet set with diamonds! She was just naturally lucky, she decided. This whole week was a bit of fantastic luck! True, there'd been some close shaves, but they'd only made it more exciting.

At the house she found most of the guests assembled in the drawing room — except Kerry, she noted with secret disappointment. "The servants said you went skating," Marc said. "Wasn't it too wet?"

"I wanted to practice," she said.

"Don't tell me you've been practicing all morning!" Marc exclaimed.

Penny nodded, then realized that something was wrong. Trudy had been crying, and the rest were looking sympathetic. "Trudy lost a bracelet her father gave her," Mrs. van Pellon explained. "She thinks she lost it coming back from town in the sleigh. The servants are still looking, but in all this snow . . ." Trudy began to cry again.

Penny reached into her pocket for the bracelet and was about to pull it out when she remembered that she was supposed to have been on the river all morning. She'd have to wait till later. But as she took her hand from her pocket, the bracelet caught in her ring and was flipped onto the floor! She tried to hide it with her foot, but the others had seen it, too. With a cry, Trudy ran to her and picked it up. There was a deep silence. "What does this mean?" Trudy's mother asked.

Penny was stunned. "I . . ." she began, then could say no more.

Again there was thick silence. "Go to your room," Mrs. van Pellon said. "We'll discuss this later."

Feeling as if it were all a nightmare, Penny left. She met Kerry on the stairs. "I've been looking for you," he said. "Mrs. Stanhope, your mother, is on her way here. She should arrive soon. I thought you'd like to know . . ."

This was like being hit with a sandbag! Without a word, Penny stumbled on up to her room. What a *fool* she'd been to try this crazy scheme! No one would ever understand. Being exposed by Mrs. Stanhope was bad enough, and Trudy already hated her for being so popular. But the bracelet! Knowing that she was a nobody, they'd think . . . Penny shuddered and began to cry.

When she raised her head, Kerry and a stern-looking older woman stood in the doorway. Penny braced herself to meet her fate.

"*Well*," Mrs. Stanhope began, "what a fine mix-up you girls have gotten into!" She came and sat down by Penny. Then she laughed weakly. "I must confess it's just the sort of crazy thing I'd have done at your age!"

"Then you're not angry?" Penny asked hopefully.

Mrs. Stanhope pursed her lips. "I'm at fault myself," she admitted. "I always thought Lisa was a little lazy. I didn't realize she was a real scholar until I found she'd go to this length just to be with her books, but I'll let her have her way now."

Lisa, at least, was out of trouble, Penny thought.

"However," Mrs. Stanhope continued, "you must finish this deception. Otherwise there'd be scandal."

"But the bracelet . . .," Penny said.

"You found it when you met Lisa, I know," Mrs. Stanhope said. "I told Mrs. van Pellon you didn't really go skating, but that you had to go to the inn to call me about a personal matter. She's *very* sorry." Mrs. Stanhope patted Penny's hand. "You'll manage easily now, and my nephew will help . . ."

"*Who?*"

"Kerry. My brother's son — the one in Los Angeles."

Penny gaped at Kerry.

"Hi, cousin!" he grinned. "Imagine my surprise in the limousine when you said you were Lisa! I called Aunt Agatha the minute I got here. Twenty-four hours later detectives knew all about Penny Hughes and the game you girls were playing."

"Well!" was all Penny could say.

When Mrs. Stanhope left, Kerry lingered a minute more. "The others don't know I'm Lisa's cousin," he said, "but I'll *act* cousinly so you can get on with Marc." Then he left, too.

Penny's heart sang. Her popularity with the others was due to Lisa's importance, but Kerry had known all along who she was and he'd liked her anyway!

Trudy's guests were tobogganing that afternoon. "We need another person on our toboggan," Marc said. "You and I aren't heavy enough to break the course record." Penny saw Kerry and beckoned to him.

Marc sat first, Penny next and Kerry last. They held on to each other tightly as they started down the hill. Penny waited until the crowd was out of sight, then let go of Marc and threw herself sideways. She and Kerry rolled into the snow as Marc disappeared down the hill.

"You did that *deliberately*," Kerry accused her, his eyes questioning her.

"All's fair in love — you told me that yourself," she said. "I thought you'd need a good shaking up before you'd ask me to the costume ball again."

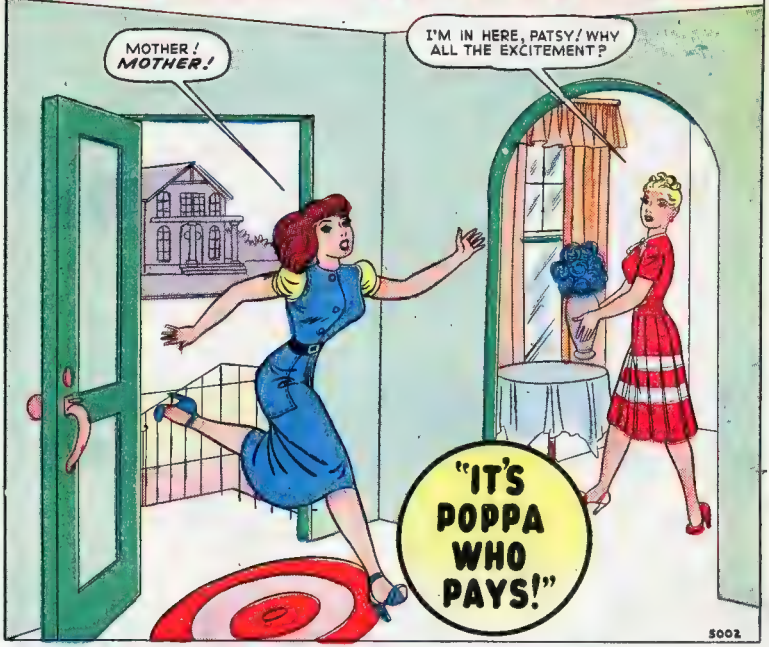
"But what about Marc?"

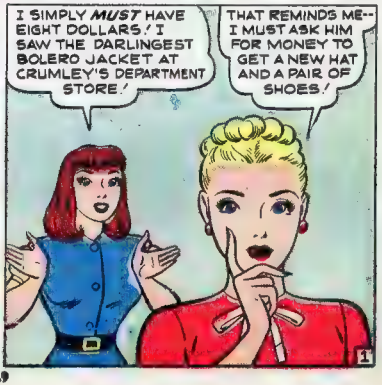
"I encouraged him for Lisa's sake, not my own, you great lug!" She reached over and brushed away the snow from the grin that now lighted his face.

"*Penny!*" he exclaimed softly, and around them the snow suddenly forgot to be cold, as if it were forecasting wonderful days ahead for them in California.

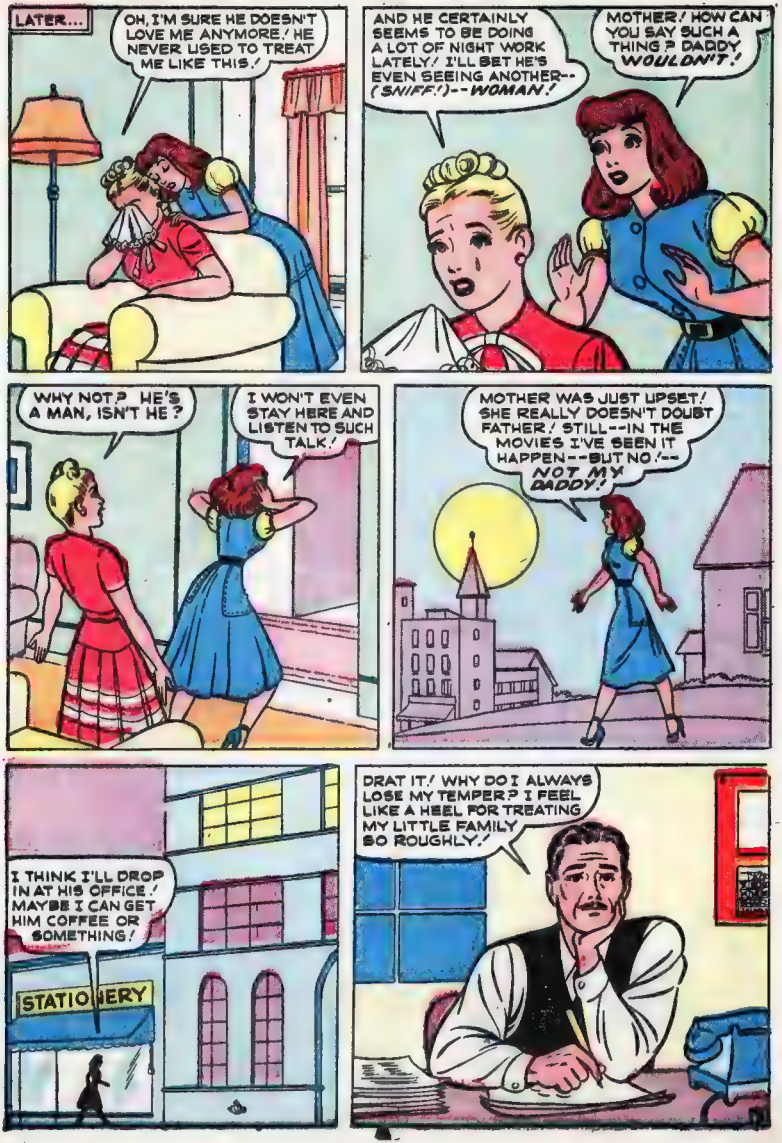
THE END

PATSY WALKER



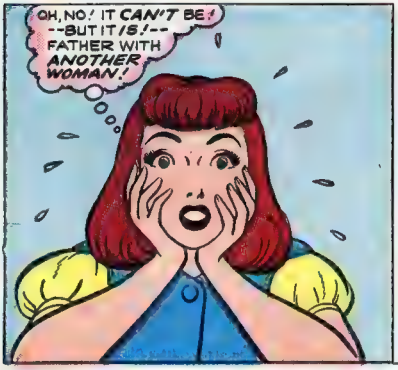

I SIMPLY MUST HAVE EIGHT DOLLARS! I SAW THE DARLINGEST BOLERO JACKET AT CRUMLEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE!
THAT REMINDS ME-- I MUST ASK HIM FOR MONEY TO GET A NEW HAT AND A PAIR OF SHOES!
1

HELLO! ANYBODY HOME?
HELLO, DEAR! WE'VE BEEN ANXIOUSLY AWAITING YOUR ARRIVAL!
ANXIOUSLY? I'D SAY--DESPERATELY!
NOW THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR AFTER A HARD DAY AT THE OFFICE--MY FAMILY ANXIOUS TO GET ME HOME!
WELL, I NEED EIGHT DOLLARS TO BUY A COAT!
AND I NEED TWENTY-FIVE, FOR A NEW HAT AND SHOES!
SO THAT'S WHY YOU WERE ANXIOUS TO SEE ME? IT'S NOT ME YOU WANT--IT'S MY MONEY!
I WORK DAY AND NIGHT FOR A FEW DOLLARS AND YOU TWO SPEND IT QUICKER THAN I CAN MAKE IT!
BUT DEAR...
I'LL HEAR NO MORE ABOUT THAT! NOW LET'S HAVE SUPPER--I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE OFFICE TO DO SOME NIGHT WORK!

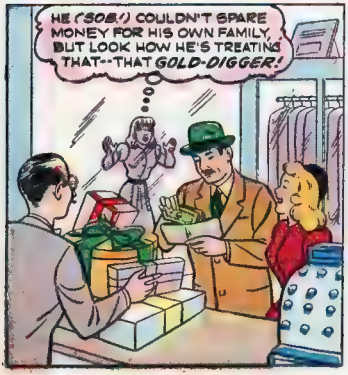

LATER...
OH, I'M SURE HE DOESN'T LOVE ME ANYMORE! HE NEVER USED TO TREAT ME LIKE THIS!
AND HE CERTAINLY SEEMS TO BE DOING A LOT OF NIGHT WORK LATELY! I'LL BET HE'S EVEN SEEING ANOTHER-- (SNIFF!)--WOMAN!
MOTHER! HOW CAN YOU SAY SUCH A THING? DADDY WOULDN'T!
WHY NOT? HE'S A MAN, ISN'T HE?
I WON'T EVEN STAY HERE AND LISTEN TO SUCH TALK!
MOTHER WAS JUST UPSET! SHE REALLY DOESN'T DOUBT FATHER! STILL--IN THE MOVIES I'VE SEEN IT HAPPEN--BUT NO!-- NOT MY DADDY!
I THINK I'LL DROP IN AT HIS OFFICE! MAYBE I CAN GET HIM COFFEE OR SOMETHING!
STATIONERY
DRAT IT! WHY DO I ALWAYS LOSE MY TEMPER? I FEEL LIKE A HEEL FOR TREATING MY LITTLE FAMILY SO ROUGHLY!

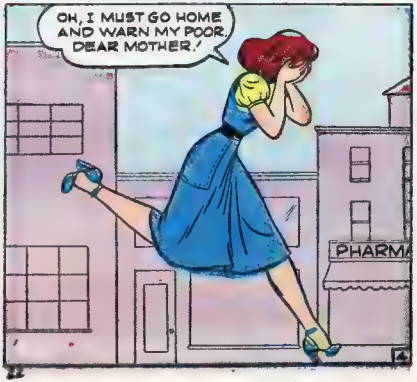
THE POOR DEAR! HE'S PROBABLY BURIED IN WORK THIS VERY MINUTE!

WE'LL REALLY DO THINGS RIGHT, WON'T WE BETTY?
OH-H-OH-H!
YOU BET!


OH, NO! IT CAN'T BE! --BUT IT IS!-- FATHER WITH ANOTHER WOMAN!

E SHOPPE
OH! (SOB!) MOTHER WAS RIGHT!


HE (SOB!) COULDN'T SPARE MONEY FOR HIS OWN FAMILY, BUT LOOK HOW HE'S TREATING THAT--THAT GOLD-DIGGER!


OH, I MUST GO HOME AND WARN MY POOR, DEAR MOTHER!
PHARM

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! OH-H-H!
...AND (SNIFF!) HE WAS BUYING THINGS FOR HER IN THE BEST SHOPS!
WAHHHHHHHH!
HELLO! ANYBODY HOME? I'VE GOT A BIG SURPRISE!
YOU CAD! YOU HAD THE NERVE TO COME HOME?
GOLLY, DEAR! I DIDN'T THINK I MADE YOU FEEL THAT BAD!
PLEASE, DEAR--I'M TRYING TO MAKE UP FOR EVERYTHING! I EVEN HAD MY SECRETARY HELP ME SHOP FOR LOTS OF PRESENTS FOR YOU GIRLS!
SECRETARY? BUT I--OH-H-H!
IN THAT CASE WE'LL FORGIVE YOU!
NUDGE
BUT -- MOTHER...
HUSH, PATSY! WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW WON'T HURT HIM!
WOMEN CAN BE HANDLED MIGHTY EASY--IF YOU'RE SMARTER THAN THEY ARE! (CHUCKLE!) (CHUCKLE!)
THE DAILY
THE END

SALLY LIKED BUGS, BUT BUGS HAD A HOBBY — GEORGE! AND HOW COULD A MERELY HUMAN GIRL COMPETE WITH AN INHUMAN MECHANICAL MARVEL?
BY PAT PAIGE
"Awk," he said and was quiet. I collapsed onto the running board and buried my face in my hands.

"SALLY," my mother called, "that George is here again. You'd better get rid of him before your father comes home."

I slammed down my magazine and stamped out to the terrace. George, motionless, towered above me. "George, you *impossible* monster," I said.

My voice seemed to animate him. The bulbs that were his eyes, lighted; his huge arms creaked upward; and he removed his ridiculous straw hat with both hands. Then he began to speak in a squeaky, singsong voice,

"I'm little Georgie Lin-der.
I broke your papa's win-der.
I've been awfully, awfully bad,
But I hope you're not still mad.
If you can forgive me, Sally,
Please see Bugs. He's in the alley."

This, somehow, was the last straw. I forgot I was a lady, and I kicked George in the shin. It was a mistake. It's always a mistake to kick a seven-foot robot in the shin, especially if he's made of aluminum like George. I howled and hopped around on one foot.

"Awk," said George.

When I could walk again, I grabbed George's arm and turned him around. Then I got behind him and pushed, and we galloped across the lawn.

"The ti-yum is now 10:46," said George.

In the alley Bugs Linder was sprawled over the seat of his jalopy, but he straightened up when he saw me. "Sally! Did you notice? Something new has been added," he said. "George can speak—carry on a conversation, I mean. I have a walkie-talkie in him. You can speak to me through him even if I'm miles away, and if you want to hear *me*, you push in his nse . . ." He saw the expression on my face and stopped abruptly.

"Bugs," I said, "my father meant it when he promised to call the police if he saw that animated tin can of yours again."

Bugs' face fell. "Why does your father have to be a sorehead about an old window?"

"It isn't the three broken windows — it's *you!*" I yelled, waving my arms. "You're a menace to society with that monster. People worry about what it will do next. It frightens children!" Then I realized I'd hurt Bugs' feelings. "Oh, Bugs," I pleaded, "why can't you collect stamps or play football like a normal boy?"

Bugs thrust out his lower lip in a way he knows gets me and pulled the robot into his car. "George is the only friend I have in the world," he said mournfully.

Bugs is just about all a girl could wish for, except for one thing: he's lazy. In fact he's a monument to idleness. My troubles with him started last summer when his father wanted him to mow their lawn. To avoid the work, Bugs sweated and thought and finally came up with a simple robot that could push a mower. The robot was radio controlled like a pilotless plane so that Bugs could lie in a hammock while George cut the grass. When winter came, George was given fixtures to make him walk and carry weights.

From then on, there was no stopping the development of George. Bugs lolled on the porch while George carried out ashes. Bugs sprawled on his bed by an upstairs window while George shoveled snow, walked dogs or chopped wood. George was given a recording and playback machine so he could take and give messages, and he was wired to tell the correct time and recite choice literary selections.

The climax came two weeks ago when my father remarked that there wasn't a window washer in town and Bugs swore George was a cinch for the job. George could make window washing motions, but he didn't know his own strength. He washed three of our windows out of their frames before he could be stopped!

After that people took a cloudy view of George. He was against the laws of nature, they said. And I agreed. Bugs was devoting *all* of his attention to that mobile scrap pile instead of to me. How can a girl compete with a hunk of mechanized junk? Right now I felt like telling Bugs to make his choice: that lump of metal man power or me. But I knew what his choice would be so I changed the subject.

"Did you canvass your district for the Community Chest Fund?" I asked. Bugs looked even more crestfallen so I planted my fists firmly on my hips. "Bugs, you've had two weeks for that. You've disgraced Washington High. I have to take all the money to Appleton at five this afternoon."

"The ti-yum is now 11:14," said George.

Bugs brightened. "I'll do it now," he said, and his car shot out of the alley.

. . . Washington High was handling the Community Chest Drive this year. We wanted to show we could do a first-rate job, and we did. That afternoon I gathered the collections made from the various districts. We had over $3000, which was remarkable for a town the size of Harvey.

I was driving down Pine Street when I saw Bugs' car, with his legs dangling over the side. I stopped and looked in. Bugs was resting comfortably, the robot controls in his lap. "I thought you were going to work on those collections," I said.

Two masked men ran from behind the car, jumped onto my running board and got in. "Let's have it!" they demanded.

Bugs squirmed. "George is doing it," he mumbled, pointing down the street. I saw George stumbling along the sidewalk. Bugs turned a dial, and George turned into a driveway. "I recorded a speech for George," Bugs explained. "George knocks on the door, and when the woman answers, I hear her through the walkie-talkie. Then I press this button, and George begins his spiel. Listen."

Over the receiver came a crunch. "Static," said Bugs. Then came a woman's shriek, followed by incoherent shouting and thumping. Bugs jumped out of the car, and we ran down the block. George was lying helplessly on the lawn while a woman beat him with a broom. The front door of her house *had* had a glass panel in it!

A crowd was gathering when a policeman appeared. "All right," he said, "what happened?"

"This character," the woman yelled, indicating Bugs, "sent that mechanical brute to break down the door of my house."

"I did not," Bugs said. "The robot was soliciting contributions. Listen." He pressed a button.

George, lying on the grass, spoke, "Will you please do your best
For the town's Community Chest?
We are asking one and all
For contributions big or small.
Come on, lady, help us out."

The woman shook her fists at the sky. "But why does he have to smash in my house?" she shrieked. She began to jump up and down.

"If the kid pays for the door, will that satisfy you?" the policeman asked.

The woman stopped. "Yes," she said.

The policeman nodded and turned to Bugs. "*You!*" he yelled. "This is the last complaint we'll have about that mechanical disturber of the peace. I'm taking it to headquarters. We'll work on it with an axe!"

"Oh, no, *no!*" Bugs cried. He sank down and threw an arm across George's chest.

The policeman reached down to pick up George, but Bugs threw himself across his robot. "You couldn't — you *can't* do it!" The policeman hesitated.

"Officer," I said, "my father made the original complaint. I think it will be all right if the robot is kept strictly in the Linders' yard."

The policeman looked relieved. "Okay," he said. "I'll make you responsible. That beast is not to be seen on the streets again."

"Awk," said George. "The ti-yum is now 5:01."

When we were alone, Bugs turned to me. "You saved George's life!" he said shakily.

"Put him in the trunk of my car," I said.

"Awk," said George.

I left immediately for Appleton, where the contributions were to be deposited. It was about thirty miles away, and I drove quickly. But about halfway there, I turned a corner and had to slam on the brakes. A long black car was parked across the road! Two masked men ran from behind the car, jumped onto my running board and got in. "Let's have it!" they demanded. Then they saw the canvas moneybag on the seat and grabbed it.

One of them pushed me down to the floor. They started my car, and we drove fast, bouncing over dirt roads for a half hour. When the car stopped, we were in a barn. The men took the money and went to the door. "Look, cutie," one said, "we're locking you in here. We'll leave when it's dark. Don't try to get out because you can't. They'll find you eventually." They slammed the heavy door, a crossbar dropped down outside, and I was alone.

It had happened so quickly that I could hardly believe it. I'd been robbed! I just *had* to get out of there to report the theft. We had to get that money back! Frantically I searched the barn. It was made of solid stone. There was one small window, but it was fifteen feet from the floor.

"The ti-yum," said George from the trunk, "is now 6:11."

In a moment I had George standing in front of me. "*Do* something," I pleaded.

George stood motionless. Then I remembered the control box and got it. On it were several dials and a number of push buttons. I pushed one at random. "'He who steals my purse,'" quoted George, "'steals trash . . .'" Hurriedly, I turned a dial. George seemed to do setting up exercises and then walked, his arms outstretched, until he ran into a wall.

Suddenly I r e m e m b e r e d he could carry ashes out of a cellar! I looked around, and in the corner I found a ten-foot length of beam. Quickly, I pointed George in its direction. He bent down, and I pushed the beam across his arms, then directed him to the wall under the window. When the beam was against the wall, I planned that George would climb up it and hang onto the window ledge. Then I would climb up George and break through the window.

"Climb, George," I commanded and twisted a dial. "I'm little Georgie Linder. I broke your papa's winder . . ." I pressed a button. George removed his absurd straw hat and bowed. "Madame, I believe the next dance is ours," he said. He extended an arm and began a macabre waltz. After that, I methodically twisted every dial and pushed every button. G e o r g e whistled. He shoveled invisible snow. He took an unseen dog for a walk. He chopped nonexistent wood. He did everything but climb that beam!

Finally I gave up, tears of anger and frustration stinging my eyes. George was reciting the *Gettysburg Address*. "Oh, *shut up!*" I said furiously. I gave him a shove, and he fell over on his face, his nose pushing against the floor. "Awk," he said and was quiet. I collapsed onto the running board and buried my face in my hands.

Then George suddenly began to speak again. "Sally, answer me. *Please* answer me!" George said with Bugs' voice. "Oh, why don't you push in George's nose?"

Quickly I lifted George. His nose came out. "Bugs!" I called. "Here I am!" I pushed in George's nose again.

"Sally! Thank goodness! I could hear you and George, but you didn't answer. Where are you?"

I let out George's nose and talked into his mouth, telling Bugs everything that had happened.

"Sounds like Stewart's Lane. I'm turning into it now. Is my voice getting louder?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Wait," Bugs said. "I've stopped a police car."

A minute later a new voice spoke. "Tell me everything that happened," it said.

Again I told my story. The second I finished I heard the black car drive away so I reported it at once.

"We see it!" Bugs cried. "Are you in that stone barn?"

Then I heard the rattle of Bugs' jalopy, and a moment later the door opened! I threw my arms around Bugs' neck. "Where's George?" he asked. "Are you both all right?" I drew away.

We picked George up and jumped into my car. As Bugs shot it into the drive, we could hear police sirens in the distance. We headed for them, and ten minutes later we came to a gas station. Three squad cars and the big black car were in front of it. A policeman stopped us. "The bandits are in the station," he explained. "There are four, and we know them all. They're desperate, and they'll probably shoot so we don't think we can take them without some of us getting hurt. You'd better go."

"Wait!" Bugs cried. He immediately got George out and began to work the controls. George stumbled quickly to the glass door of the station, knocked on it, and the glass shattered. As George entered, cries of surprise and horror came from inside. "Chop wood," Bugs said, frantically turning dials. George's arms rose and fell, and the cries turned to terrified shrieks. Two of the bandits came running out, yelling. We could see a third stretched out on the floor, and a fourth was under a table which George was flailing. Then there was a shot—and George fell on the table, which collapsed over the man underneath. The policemen ran in and got him.

For a moment there was confusion, but the bandits were quickly subdued and handcuffed. I was the first to see the small round hole through George's aluminum chest. "George, you're *hurt!*" I gasped. George, lying there helplessly, his funny hat askew, broke my heart. I threw myself down and grasped his shoulders. "George, *speak* to me!" I cried.

"Aaaawk," said George weakly.

"I was so mean to you, and you saved our lives!"

"The ti-yum is now . . . awk," George whimpered.

I buried my head on his shoulder and sobbed. Then I felt Bugs' hand. "Sally," he said, "George has been shot in the coil. The damage will cost about twenty bucks."

I gulped and raised my head, feeling very foolish But the ring of faces around me reflected only sympathy.

"Kids," a policeman said kindly, "if it weren't for that aluminum dummy, there might have been a couple of policemen's widows tonight. He gets the reward for those bandits. That should take care of his damage." The trooper hesitated. "We'd also like to make him an honorary member of the force. From now on he can go anywhere in town that he likes. We'll even give him an escort if he needs it."

. . . Riding back to town, Bugs was strangely silent. "Aren't you happy?" I asked. "George is now a respectable citizen."

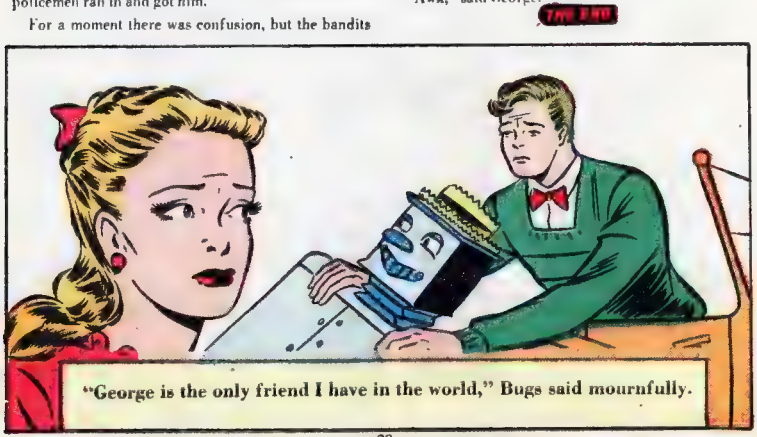
Bugs thrust out his lower lip in the way that he knows gets me. "I didn't intend George to be a hero. Back there it looked like you thought more of him than you did of me," he said. "A guy doesn't want competition for his best girl from a rotten old robot!"

I suppressed a smile.

"I think I'll put George in the basement — and let him rust," Bugs added.

"Awk," said George.

THE END



"George is the only friend I have in the world," Bugs said mournfully.

FOOD FOR FUN

SALAD CHEESE . . .

Have some blue cheese in the refrigerator that's a little on the dry and crumbly side? Don't throw it away — instead, surprise your mother with a wonderful salad dressing!

Shred some nicely crisped lettuce by tearing it into pieces. Shred some endive and some romaine, using the tenderest leaves. You'll need about three cups of the greens. Put these in a bowl, and add half a cup of grapefruit sections, ¼ of a cup of grated raw carrots and, if you like, a little chopped, unpeeled red apple.

Pour over all a good tart French dressing, in which you have mixed ¼ of a cup of the cheese, finely crumbled. And remember to chill all ingredients at the beginning.

EGGPLANT RELISH . . .

For a rather unusual dish that's especially good with hot, grilled meats, try this eggplant relish.

Boil a small eggplant in salted water until the skin is tender. Drain, and peel off the skin. Mash the pulp in a wooden bowl with a little onion juice, salt and pepper. Add olive oil, a little at a time, beating in with a wooden spoon, until the texture is rich and creamy. A teaspoon of vinegar adds to the flavor.

Put in a mold, chill thoroughly before serving—and there's nothing left but the eating!

CIRCLE SURPRISE . . .

Need a new trick for a friend's birthday? Why not bake a cake in a heatproof glass bowl to give it an unusual shape?

Cream ¾ of a cup of shortening well. Add to it, slowly, 1½ cups of sugar, blending it thoroughly into the shortening. Then beat in a teaspoon of almond extract and half a teaspoon of vanilla.

Add three whole eggs one at a time, and beat each well into the mixture as you drop it in.

Sift together three cups of cake flour, 3½ teaspoons of baking powder and half a teaspoon of salt. Add them to the shortening mixture alternately with a total of one cup of milk.

Grease well a two-and-a-half quart heat-resistant glass bowl, and pour in the batter. Bake for about one hour in a moderate oven until the cake is done. Turn out, flat side down, let it cool, and ice to suit your fancy. With its round top covered with candles, this will make anyone's birthday a happy surprise.

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WIND IN HER FACE!

SOME THINGS ARE A LOT HARDER TO DO THAN THEY SEEM. BUT PAULA WOULDN'T LISTEN TO MAC—SHE HAD TO LEARN THE HARD WAY!

BY ESTHER B. GRAVES

"OH, Mac, that was wonderful!" Paula laughed breathlessly at the tall boy who had jumped from the back of the dog sled.

"Whoa, Toby! Quiet, Sheba!" Mac reined in one dog, laid a restraining hand on another, spoke to them quietly until all four had settled down on the snowy brow of the hill.

"Wouldn't you think they'd know by this time that we always stop here?" said Paula.

"They know it's chow time." Mac straightened to his full height, and the boy and girl looked down on the wintry panorama.

Paula felt the leap of her quickening pulses as she gazed over the land. From their lofty viewpoint the open space of the mining camp below looked pitifully small and vulnerable against the vastness of the Canadian forest.

Paula wondered if Mac felt any of her thrill. She looked at him as he stood easily, his practiced blue eyes scanning lake and forest and camp. Reared as he had been in similar surroundings, he probably felt no more challenge to this life than she did to busy city streets.

The dogs, moving again, caught Paula's attention.

"Mac, I don't see any reason why I can't take the team out alone now. I certainly managed all right today."

"Not yet, Paul. Sheba still isn't sure of you." Mac stroked the leader's nuzzling head.

Paula sat still, considering her companion. He can be very stubborn, she thought, with an eye on the firm set of his chin and his sure, purposeful motions as he now went about arranging the dogs' harness.

Well, I know a thing or two myself. She emphasized the irritation of this thought with a tug of her ski cap over her crisp, black curls. Impatience glowed in her dark eyes and a higher color flamed in her cheeks than the wind and cold warranted.

"You're too stuffy for words, Mac! Do you realize that it's just a week from today that you go to take your exams? Certainly, if I'm not ready to take over the dogs now, I won't be then!"

"You'll be surprised what a few more days will do. Just leave everything to old Mac, and you'll have nothing to worry about."

Paula, in a swift change of mood, now spoke in an anxious tone. "I *do* worry about your going out alone. How are you going to find your way about Montreal?"

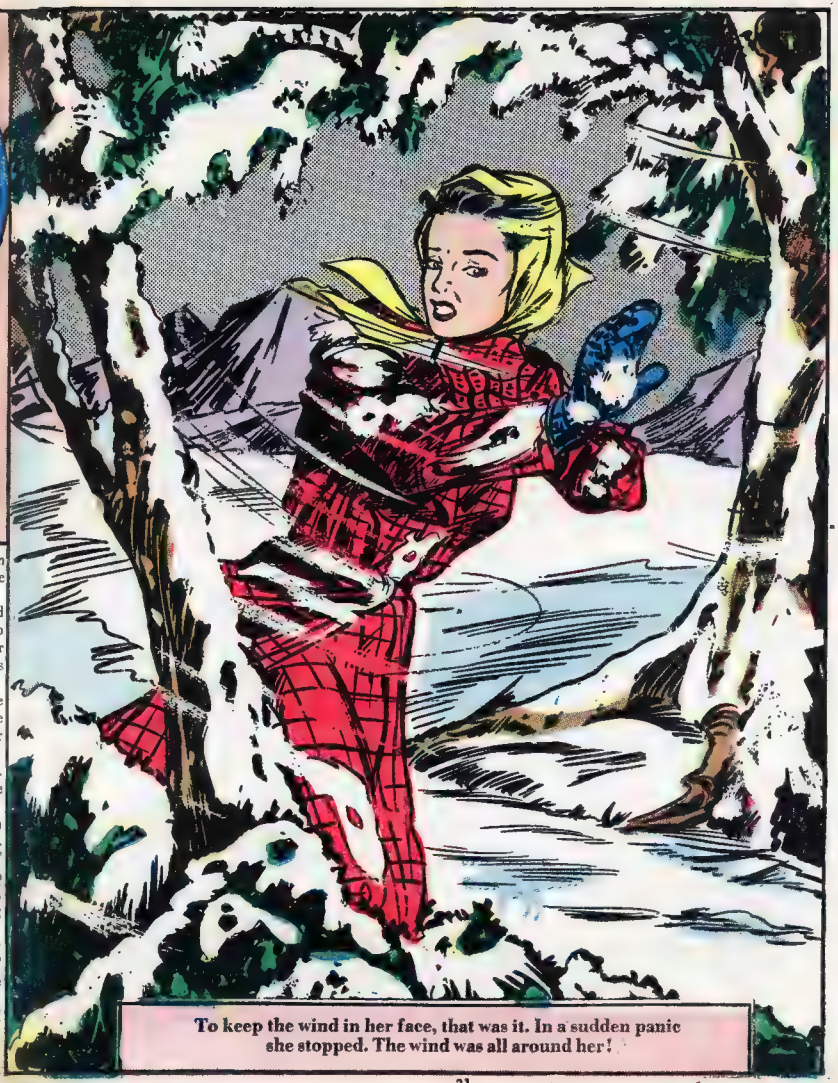
Mac laughed. "I guess the university won't be too hard to find. After all, it's a pretty well-known place. Seriously though, Paul, I wish you were going along to show me the sights."

"Oh, so do I!" Paula's desire came out with a gusty sigh. "What fun it will be to be at college together!"

"If I just pass my exams, we'll have a good chance to find out," said Mac.

Paula clasped her knees up to her chin and rocked back and forth in her enthusiasm. "We'll ski and skate, and go to hockey games . . ."

"Take it easy!" Mac's voice was grim now. "Don't



To keep the wind in her face, that was it. In a sudden panic she stopped. The wind was all around her!

Paula found herself confronted by a whirling mass of vicious dogs, snapping and snarling and leaping at each other's throats!

forget, my dear girl, I'll be working my way through with no money to spare. And the engineering course is no push-over. Just ask your father."

Mac dropped down beside her, his ruddy face set in serious lines.

"I'll never forget what your father has done for me, a regular greenhorn — taking me on in the mine, giving me so much responsibility. And now this two weeks' leave for my exams and a visit with my family when he's definitely short-handed."

"Wait, brother!" Paula sat up indignantly. "How about me? Don't I get any credit for taking your place? Whose idea was it anyway?"

"I think you're swell, Paul, and you know it. The only thing that bothers me is that you think of the whole thing as a kind of lark. It seems a small matter to you, getting the mail and messages to the lumber camp, but six miles there and back is a long way, and the trail isn't always easy. Every day something new comes up."

"What, may I ask, that I don't know about?" Paula's question was tinged with scorn.

"You'll never really know dogs until you've trained them as I did this team. I brought them here with me from my home. Even now, they have days when they take managing. The harness gets tangled, sometimes it breaks. If another dog team comes along, you must get them off the road in a hurry and hold them in check or you'll have a big fight on your hands."

"I don't think Sheba would fight," said Paula, pulling at the leader's ragged ears.

"Any sled dog is an enemy of another on the trail. They'll even murder each other. Remember that, Paul." His voice was deep with earnestness.

"But, Mac," protested Paula, "I've been going back and forth with you now for a couple of weeks, and we haven't met a single other team."

"There's just one." Mac gestured at the road behind them. "Do you remember about a mile back, there's a branch off to the left from the main trail?"

Paula nodded, and he continued, "Around that turn is a prospector, and he has about the meanest lot of sled dogs in the north country. Luckily, he seldom comes out and he keeps his dogs tied, but no one dares go near the place."

"I think I've heard them barking," said Paula. She stood up and stretched herself lazily. As she surveyed Mac, her brow was smooth and untroubled, but in contrast some inner excitement had lighted quick, dancing sparks in her dark eyes.

With a swift, sure movement, she leaped onto the sled, and flinging a chunk of snow at Sheba, shouted, "Mush on!"

In an instant the dogs were flying down the hill, barking and waving their tails.

As Paula felt the thud of Mac's body strike the sled behind her and heard his muttered "You devil!", she laughed in sheer delight.

"Who says I can't do it?"

. . . When Paula emerged about noon the next day, the snow was ablaze in the brilliant sunshine. She drew in deep breaths of the frosty air and started for the mine buildings.

Beside the mill, she paused. The only life outside at the moment was Mac's dog team. They lay basking in the sun, harnessed and ready for the afternoon's trip. Paula trailed a speculative hand along Sheba's back. More than anything in the world, she longed to take them out alone. It all seemed too easy, and she felt quite sure of herself. She had to try it alone sometime.

Paula slipped onto the sled and in a low tone called, "Come on. Up, Sheba." The leader cocked an eye at the sound of her name and nuzzled closer on her paws. "So that's their game," thought Paula.

She pulled the reluctant Sheba to her feet and dragged her along until the other three dogs were up. Heading them toward the road, she jumped on the sled and urged them forward as she'd heard Mac do.

"Come on, now."

Paula seized balls of snow and flung them at Sheba's head. Seemingly from force of habit, the dogs trotted amicably up the trail.

They had jogged along for nearly a mile when Paula became aware that they were obviously slowing up. Sheba, the leader, was acting very uncertain and suspicious, flattening her ears and turning to look at Paula from a baleful, black-rimmed eye.

"Come on, Sheba. Get a move on!" Paula was now free to shout at will.

Just ahead was the fork of the trail, the right turn leading to the lumber camp, the other to the prospector's claim. In the distance Paula could hear dogs barking. She would just go to the bend of the road and then turn back. But she was bound that the turning point would be *her* decision and not that of the dogs. She wouldn't be beaten by them!

Sheba had now stopped dead in her tracks and was standing with lowered, stubborn head. Clods of snow proving to no avail, Paula seized a piece of ice from the trail and flung it with accurate aim at the leader's head.

The effect was instantaneous. Sheba galvanized into immediate life and plunged forward with a quick response from the other dogs. The sudden lurch threw Paula off balance, and she had fallen from the sled and rolled into the snow before she knew what had happened.

Like a demoniac streak, the dogs raced ahead, barking lustily, the sled careening wildly after them. As Paula jumped to her feet, they reached the parting of the trail, and before her horrified eyes, they took the left turn and were soon out of sight.

Rushing after them to the prospector's clearing, Paula found herself confronted by a completely terrifying scene! A whirling mass of vicious dogs, the blood and lust of killing in their tearing jaws, snapping and snarling and leaping at each other's throats!

A man, who was hacking violently at the ice in a water barrel, now dipped a pail out and, shouting wildly, flung the water at the dogs. Several times he repeated this until finally the fighting ceased. Torn and bleeding, the dogs slunk at Paula's feet.

The only coherent thought in Paula's mind was to get them away. Half leading, half carrying Sheba, she started down the path. The other dogs followed, making slow progress in their impeding harness.

"Mac, I'm so sorry," was all that Paula could sob to herself as she worked the dogs slowly homeward. But when Mac suddenly appeared hurrying up the trail to meet her, she could say nothing, but only stand there, wringing her hands and looking piteously at him.

He stared at the dogs and her, then dropped to his knees to stanch the bleeding on Sheba's shoulder with his handkerchief. When he spoke, his voice was strained as if his throat muscles were too taut to let the sounds through clearly.

"Go down and get someone to bring up a horse and bobsled as fast as you can."

Paula turned and fled blindly down the trail.

. . . For the next week Paula didn't see Mac. Her father told her that he was making the trip on skis and that he'd given up the whole idea of going away for his exams.

"I've told him that we can manage while he's away," her father said, "although, frankly, I don't know whom we can spare from the mine for such a long trip on foot. He knows that as well as I do, and he's plenty stubborn about it."

"Listen, Dad," Paula pleaded, "you know that I'm a good skier. If you were willing to let me take Mac's place and carry the mail with the dogs, why can't I do it on my skis?"

Her father shook his head. "It would be too exhausting. Even Mac is all tired out at night. You couldn't possibly stand the strain."

"But, Dad," pressed Paula, "for just two weeks! I'm sure it wouldn't hurt me."

Finally, her father agreed. "Very well. I'll see that Mac gets off. You can try it for the week of his exams. Then, if all goes well, he can take a second week's vacation at his home. I think he needs it."

"Oh, Dad, you're an angel!"

. . . The night before Mac was to leave, Paula searched him out at the cook-house where he was scrutinizing Sheba's gradually healing wound.

She hesitated in the doorway. "I wanted to wish you good luck, Mac."

"Thanks. I'll need it." He worked over the dogs without looking up.

"Mac, I don't blame you for being angry with me for taking the dogs out alone and for the mess I got them into." In a rush of words all her pent-up misery was pouring forth. "But I think you could be more forgiving." Her voice broke. "Weren't you even going to say good-by to me?"

Mac was now on his feet, looking down at her. In the harsh light of the electric bulb, she could see the lines of fatigue which the strain of the past week had etched on his face. But none of the old friendliness was in his blue eyes, and his mouth was set in a stubborn line.

"The only reason that I'm going at all is because of your father. And you're back of that. Just a spoiled child, having your own way in everything!"

"That's not true, and you know it!" she flared.

"How do you suppose I'm going to feel, thinking of you running that trail every day?"

So that was it! In a flash of illumination, Paula realized all of the reasons back of his resentment — fatigue, worry, apprehension over coming events.

"It'll be all right, Mac." Her smile was tremulous, and her eyes were soft with understanding. "I'll be

seeing you." And without waiting for a reply, she closed the door quickly behind her.

. . . The two weeks passed quickly, and finally Paula started out on her last trip. It was a lowering, heavy day. The snow was soggy. and the going was slower than usual.

Paula stayed at the lumber camp only long enough to deliver the contents of her bag and warm her hands. But when she stepped out for her return journey, she found to her surprise that it was snowing. Soft, feathery flakes were falling and already had spread the road with a light, fresh cover.

She buckled on her skis with quick fingers. She must hurry if she were to be the first to welcome Mac when he arrived that night.

Paula swung down the trail with long even strides. She felt no fear of the snow, but was wise enough to the ways of the north to know that she must get home before a real storm broke.

After several miles of rhythmic motion through the continuously falling snow, Paula became slowly aware of a new sound in the trees. It was a low whine, at first rather distant but gradually increasing in volume. It was the wind rising, and the snow it bore was no longer made of soft, wet flakes, but icy needles that stung with their impact.

Paula realized that she was bearing right into the storm and that it was increasing rapidly in intensity. There was no retreat. She had covered more than half the distance already. Nothing now but more effort, more speed, before all signs of a familiar world were entirely blotted out.

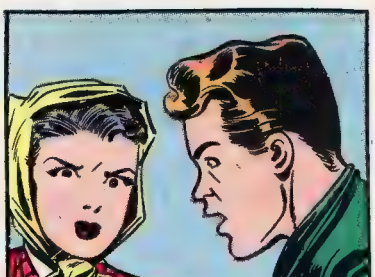
Then, too soon, the saturation point was reached, and the snow-filled air had completely obliterated all vision. The wind was now practically horizontal, and the heavy snow underfoot made further progress on skis impossible.

Kneeling to unbuckle her skis, Paula told herself that the one thing she must not do was to become panicky. She stood still a moment, collecting her wits. Her course was clear. She must keep moving, fighting against the cold, and she must keep the wind in her face as a bearing. Sooner or later someone from home would realize her plight and come to meet her.

Paula forged ahead. To keep the wind in her face —and no deviation. The wind in her face, icy, cruel, sucking her breath, but her only safety in a lost world!

She floundered on. To keep the wind in her face, that was it. In a sudden panic she stopped. The wind was all around her! Swirling, whirling her into an eddying vortex! If she could only stand still and wait to get her bearing! But in that instant's hesitation, the cold struck into the very core of her being.

Now she was on her hands and knees. No bearings there. She struggled to her feet, then lifted her head against the gale as a dog points toward his quarry. The dogs—was that the barking of dogs that she heard in the roar of the wind? No. Paula fell heavily again into the snow. That was a mirage. It was like a lake, cool and limpid, that rises before the eyes of people lost



"That's not true, and you know it!" she flared.

on the burning sands of a desert. No cool lake for her, she thought drowsily, just a Franklin stove, warm and glowing.

Paula stirred. The storm seemed full of confusion. Movement was all around her and over her, and noise and a warm wetness against her face. Then she heard voices, familiar ones, and strong arms were lifting her up. Dimly she heard Mac's voice, "Mush on!"

. . . The storm had played itself out, and Paula sat idly at the window looking out on a serene and white clad world. The lake stretched in a dazzling ice floe below, and beyond was the purple rim of the Quebec hills.

Up the hill from the camp suddenly appeared a dog team. It was unquestionably Mac, but the dogs were utterly new. Not Sheba and the others, but two strange dogs frisking along in high spirits.

With a great flourish, Mac guided them up the hill and drew them up before the house. Paula flung open the door in wild excitement.

"What in the world . . .!"

Mac bowed deeply, his hand at his heart like an old-time cavalier.

"A peace offering for you. This," he indicated the lead dog, a half grown replica of Sheba even to ugly head and dark, smudged eye, "this is Sheba's stepbrother, and this," he thrust a hand in the direction of the second dog, "is a distant cousin."

"Oh, Mac, you brought them all the way from your home!"

"Yes, it's to be your team, Paula. Because of your help, I won the scholarship."

They stood smiling at each other and the dogs, and Paula felt the companionship once again between them, warm and deep and alive. And the wind from the lake, tempered by the brilliant northern sun, was soft on her face.

THE END

FOOD FOR FUN

COCONUT CONFECTION . . .

Most men have a decided sweeth tooth and most of them, too, like coconut. So if your O.A.O. is one of these males, coconut snow should make him happy!

Add to two tablespoons of plain gelatin the grated rind of one orange. Cover with cold water, and soak for five minutes. Squeeze two large oranges and measure the juice—if you have more than half a cupful, use less boiling water in proportion. Add a cup of sugar to the gelatin, then add 1½ cups of boiling water, depending on the amount of juice, and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add the orange juice, and then strain through a cloth.

Chill the mixture in the refrigerator till it begins to jell. Then whip it to a heavy foam. This takes about ten minutes. Beat the whites of three eggs stiff and fold in. After this, mix two cups of grated or shredded coconut with the foam. Turn into a large mold that has been wet with cold water, and set in the refrigerator. Unmold and serve with cream.

Those "oh's" and "ah's" you'll hear will be that man in your life admiring *you* as well as your *cooking!*

SANDWICH SUPREME . . .

If your beau likes a good, hearty sandwich, give him this corned beef and cheese combination on your next picnic or at-home date. It's a sure winner!

Cut ¼ of a pound of very sharp, good Cheddar cheese into thin slivers. Then cream these with a couple tablespoons of tart mayonnaise to which a little horseradish has been added.

Shred fine some canned corned beef, and add it to the mayonnaise and cheese, along with chopped pickles, celery and onion. Spread the mixture between slices of bread, and toast until hot.

Or if you have some real corned beef, slice it, season the slices with mustard or horseradish, and put them on slices of toast. Top each with a slice of tomato, dressed with French dressing, and sprinkle grated cheese over all. Broil until the cheese melts, and serve at once.

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"LOVE THROWS A PASS!"
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I'VE GOT TO GET TO FOOTBALL PRACTISE!
YOU SEEM UNUSUALLY EXCITED ABOUT IT!
I AM EXCITED! THE BOYS TELL ME THERE'S A NEW MAN ON THE TEAM--BOBO BRAWN--AND HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE TERRIFIC!
SEE YOU LATER, BUZZ!

AT FOOTBALL PRACTISE...
HI, CHUCK! SAY, WHERE'S THAT FANTASTIC FOOT-BALL FIND?
HE'S OUT ON THE FIELD! JUST WATCH HIM!
WOW! THAT'S THE LONGEST KICK I'VE EVER SEEN!
AND LOOK AT HIM RUN! STATEVILLE HIGH DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST US WITH THAT BOY ON OUR SIDE!
NICE WORK, BOBO!
GEE, THANKS! IT WAS NOTHING!
BOBO, THIS IS OUR CAPTAIN, BUZZ BAXTER!
GLAD TO KNOW YOU, BOBO! NOW I'M POSITIVE OUR TEAM WILL HAVE THE VICTORY DANCE AFTER THE GAME!
A DANCE? GOLLY, GEE! I DON'T HAVE A GIRL!
OH, YOU WON'T HAVE TROUBLE GETTING ONE! YOU'LL BE THE SCHOOL HERO IF WE BEAT UNDEFEATED STATEVILLE!

I'LL BET YOU CAN ASK THE FIRST GIRL YOU SEE TO BE YOUR DATE AND SHE'LL ACCEPT!
GOSH!
AFTER PRACTISE...
IF I CAN ASK ANY GIRL TO BE MY DATE, I MIGHT'S WELL PICK THE PRETTIEST ONE IN SCHOOL!
GOLLY GEE! THERE SHE IS!--- MY DREAM GIRL!
I GUESS ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WALK UP AND ASK HER!
H-HULLO! WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO THE VICTORY DANCE WITH ME?
HUH? THIS IS RATHER SUDDEN ISN'T IT? I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU!
WELL, MY NAME'S BOBO BRAWN! I'M NEW HERE AND I DON'T HAVE A DATE FOR THE VICTORY DANCE!
OH, YOU'RE THE NEW FOOTBALL SENSATION!
3

I'M SORRY, BOBO! I'D LIKE TO GO WITH YOU BUT I CAN'T--PERHAPS I CAN GET A FRIEND FOR YOU!
DON'T WANT A FRIEND--WANT YOU!
BUT I CAN'T GO WITH YOU--I ALREADY HAVE A DATE!
OH-H-H-H-H-H!
NEXT DAY...
WELL, BOBO, LET'S GET IN SOME REAL PRACTISE TODAY! TOMORROW'S THE BIG GAME!
AWW--ALL RIGHT!
?
PLUNK!
OOPS!
OW!
YE GADS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO BOBO? HE'S TERRIBLE TODAY!
10
12
4

BOBO! BOBO! WHAT'S UP, FELLOW? YOU'RE LETTING US DOWN!
I DON'T FEEL LIKE PLAYING! YOU LIED TO ME!
WHAT?
YOU SAID ANY GIRL WOULD GO TO THE DANCE WITH ME! I ASKED ONE AND SHE WOULDN'T GO!
BUT, MAN, WHERE'S YOUR SCHOOL SPIRIT?
DON'T CARE! I CAN'T GO TO THE VICTORY DANCE SO WHY SHOULD I CARE IF WE WIN?
OKAY! OKAY! TELL ME THE GIRL'S NAME AND I'LL TALK HER INTO GOING WITH YOU!
DON'T KNOW HER NAME!
OH! THIS IS TOO MUCH!
THAT EVENING...
BUZZ, WHAT'S WRONG? YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN ALL EVENING!
AW, WOMEN GIVE ME A PAIN IN THE NECK!
WELL!
OH, HONEY! I DIDN'T MEAN YOU!

LET ME EXPLAIN./ THE NEW GUY ON OUR TEAM ASKED A GIRL TO GO TO THE VICTORY DANCE WITH HIM...
YES, I KNOW-- AND...
...AND JUST BECAUSE THIS SILLY FEMALE TURNS HIM DOWN, HE GOES TO PIECES./ NO GAL IS WORTH THAT MUCH./
WELL!
AW, BABY--I'M SORRY./ YOU KNOW I DON'T MEAN YOU./
WELL, MR. BAXTER, I ADMIRE BOBO FOR GIVING UP EVERYTHING FOR THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS./ THAT'S A LOT MORE THAN YOU WOULD DO./
THAT'S NOT TRUE, PATSY./ I'D GIVE UP EVERYTHING FOR YOU./
WOULD YOU GIVE ME UP IF IT MEANT WINNING THE GAME?
WELL--ER--UH--OF COURSE NOT./ YOU MEAN MORE TO ME THAN ANY OLD GAME...
BUT I SURE WOULD LIKE TO WIN THE GAME, TOO./
VERY WELL./ YOU WILL WIN./ TELL BOBO I'LL SEE TO IT THAT THE GIRL HE WANTS WILL GO WITH HIM./

YIPPEE! PATSY YOU'RE A DREAM! NOW YOU AND I WILL ATTEND THE VICTORY DANCE AFTER ALL!
I WILL-- BUT YOU WON'T!
HUH?--BUT HOW CAN WE LOSE? YOU SAID YOU'D GET THAT GAL FOR BOBO!
SURE I DID...
I'M THAT GAL!
YIPE!
THE DAY OF THE BIG GAME...
THINGS LOOK PRETTY GRIM, BUZZ! BOBO WON'T SNAP OUT OF IT!
HE SHOULD! I'VE SACRIFICED EVERYTHING TO GET HIS DATE FOR HIM!
YOU MEAN YOU FOUND THE GAL? WHOOPEE! WAIT'LL HE HEARS THAT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
GOSH, BUZZ, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR GETTIN' ME A DATE WITH MY DREAM GAL!
AW, IT WAS NOTHING! IT WAS AS EASY AS CUTTING OFF MY RIGHT ARM!
7

BOY!--NOW I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN! I'LL GET IN THERE AN' SLAUGHTER STATEVILLE SINGLE-HANDED!
?
50
SO...
'RAY!
ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN!
YIPPEE!
AND AT THE FINAL GUN...
STATEVILLE 0
CENTERVILLE 36
BANG!
BUT ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE ...
IT'S MY ANKLE--I TWISTED IT!
EASY, BOBO!
33
GOSH!--I CAN'T GO TO THE DANCE NOW! THAT POOR GIRL WILL BE SO DISAPPOINTED!
BUZZ, I HATE TO ASK YOU TO DO THIS FOR ME BECAUSE YOU'VE DONE SO MUCH ALREADY--BUT WOULD YOU PLEASE TAKE MY DATE TO THE DANCE?
BOBO, THE PLEASURE WOULD BE ALL MINE!
GOSH, BUZZ--AREN'T YOU SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO BOBO?
WELL-L-L-L-L YES--AND NO!
THE END
8

"IT'S TIME FOR LOVE"!

BY PARM MAYER

WHEN YOU CARRY IDEAS TO EXTREMES, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN — AND COLLEEN THOUGHT *HER* IDEA WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT ONE IN THE WORLD!

COLLEEN CORRIGAN tilted her pretty head a little to one side and looked severely at herself in the big round mirror which hung like a full moon over her walnut vanity.

"You shouldn't be going," she scolded silently as she adjusted the neckline of her new strapless formal. "Not with a three-thousand word paper to write for sociology and four pages of French to translate for tomorrow's lesson. And yet," she reflected self-righteously, "it's my duty to go."

She dusted her bare shoulders with a few flicks of a big woolly puff and again eyed herself in the mirror.

No, she really shouldn't take the time to go. But how would it look for the president of the Semper Paratus Club — that was Latin for "Always Prepared" — not to attend its first big party?

Hadn't she done everything she could to talk the other girls out of the idea? Hadn't she done her best to keep it from being a girl-bid affair? And what had it gotten her? Nothing but digs — like their saying they should call her a coffee mill because she was such a grind.

Colleen squared her slender shoulders. What if she did intend to be a career woman? What if she preferred studying to silly juvenile activities which would fizzle away like froth on a soda? That was her business, wasn't it?

She reached for a bottle of perfume that sat on the vanity — perfume she'd thought was stuff-of-the-stars when she was a freshman. "Allure," she read on the label and smiled faintly. What would Rig's reaction be to *Allure?*

She pulled the stopper from the bottle and passed it before her nose. Smooth, but definitely! Her oval brown eyes narrowed. Yes, just what would Rig's reaction be to *Allure?*

She made a motion with the stopper toward the rings of her hair that snuggled against the sides of her head, then suddenly stopped. What difference did it make how Rig would react to the stuff?

Colleen put the stopper back in the bottle, toyed with a hairbrush that lay on the vanity, and patted a few obstinate strands of hair into place.

Then, abruptly, she reached for the perfume bottle, quickly pulled the stopper out and ran it through the soft wisps of hair that hid back of her ears. After all, as a future psychologist, she *should* be interested in the way Rig would react to *Allure!*

She slipped her feet into the soft ballet shoes that lay under the bench she was sitting on and stood up before the mirror. The new formal made her look slim and willowy like an Easter lily that hadn't fully blossomed. If only she didn't have to think about that term paper for sociology and the French translation, going to the party might even be a little fun!

She picked up a picture of herself in her sophomore year. How callow she looked in her pull-over sweater with its colored butterflies on the front! Little did she think then that a year later she'd be spoken of as the one most likely to succeed in her class.

Colleen tapped him on the shoulder. "I can't do that," she said. "It isn't hard," Rig declared, and kept right on jitterbugging.

Colleen sighed a little as she put the picture back on the dresser. Those were the good old days when such things as term papers and French translations could wait.

She walked down the rubber-carpeted stairs with the poise and grace of a professional model at an exclusive style show. A glance at the electric clock on top of the radio told her that Rig would arrive at any moment.

Rig. There was a fellow who'd wear well even though he wasn't very showy. From the bottoms of his scuffed loafers to the top of his bristly hair, he was as solid as a concrete block. If only he'd spend more time on his studies, Colleen thought, he could easily make the Honor Roll.

The doorbell rang, and Colleen walked to the door and opened it. There stood Rig, ruggedly resplendent in a new coat of brown checkered plaid with dark brown trousers to match. His freshly trimmed hair stood scarcely an inch above his head, and his face and hands

After all, as a future psychologist, she *should* be interested in the way Rig would react to *Allure!*

shone from a recent scrubbing.

Colleen couldn't help thinking how nice he'd look in a tux. But it was impossible to get the fellows at Carson High to go for tuxes. In fact, if they had their way, every dance would be a sweater-swing.

"Hello!" Colleen greeted him. "Won't you come in?"

Rig grinned and walked in. Under one arm he was carrying a small cardboard box.

"Here," he said, handing the box to Colleen. She smiled. Rig had about as much finesse as a lumberjack.

She opened the box. There, wrapped in green wax paper, was a corsage of white carnations and pink rosebuds.

"It's beautiful!" she exclaimed and held it to her side.

Rig grinned. "There's a pin there somewhere to pin it on with."

Colleen found the pin and fastened the corsage onto her dress. She put on her wrap, stepped into the kitchen to kiss her mother good-by, and she and Rig started out on the four-block walk to the high school.

A full moon hung over the leafy trees that lined the street, and the air was filled with the smells of spring. A fully blossomed lilac bush that grew close to the sidewalk at one place, spread a rich scent like a fountain of perfume.

Colleen smiled to herself. She wondered again if Rig would notice the *Allure* when they danced.

The gym was a swaying mass of white and green streamers and multi-colored balloon clusters. In the center of the room hung a big crystal ball which sent a galaxy of shimmering light about the place as it revolved.

Colleen's heart caught the tempo of the orchestra. Somehow parties did something to you. Rig checked her wrap, and they began their first dance.

"Like to dance?" Rig asked as he steered her across the freshly waxed floor with all the assurance of an experienced pilot in a busy harbor.

Colleen smiled back. "I love to."

"Then why don't you come to more dances?" Rig asked bluntly.

Colleen looked down at the floor. She wished he hadn't asked that. "I don't have the time," she said.

"Don't have the *time!*"

"There's studying to be done," Colleen explained.

Rig laughed. "*That* old stuff!"

Colleen laughed, too. She thought it best not to say more on the subject.

Rig steered her past the faculty chaperons. There sat Mr. Moore among the others. Colleen's heart jumped. Mr. Moore taught sociology.

"Oh!" she exclaimed involuntarily.

"What's the matter?" Rig asked.

"That term paper," Colleen explained. "I've got a three-thousand word term paper to write for sociology."

Rig shook his head. "You shouldn't have taken the stuff," he advised.

"But it's a good course," Colleen declared. "It lays a foundation for other courses later on."

Rig seemed to take her word for it. He tightened his grip on her and swung her around just in time to avoid a collision with Mac Johnson and Joy Chalmers. A moment later he started to jitterbug.

Colleen tapped him on the shoulder. "I can't do that," she said.

"It isn't hard," Rig declared, and kept right on jitterbugging. "See, it goes like this. Come on, try it!"

Colleen watched his feet for a few seconds. Maybe she *could* do it. "Here, take my compact," she said, and tried the new step. By the end of the dance she was able to do it fairly well.

"See?" Rig exclaimed. "I said it wasn't hard!"

"It's fun!" Colleen declared, her face flushed from her efforts.

The next number was a slow one that required little concentration, the kind during which the girls seemed to glide across the floor without moving their feet. Rig held Colleen close and hummed softly. Impulsively, she laid her head against his chest, and he bent over until his face touched her hair.

Colleen's heart quickened: Did — did Rig notice the *Allure?* If he did, he made no mention of it.

"Just like a dream," Rig commented, obviously pleased with the whole thing.

Colleen smiled contentedly. It was fun to dance with someone with whom you didn't have to keep up a continual conversation.

She wondered if Rig went steady with anyone. As far as she knew, he didn't. She breathed slowly. She'd never gone steady with anyone — and for a good reason. Going steady simply didn't fit in with getting good marks and planning a career.

More than once she'd seen it happen. Some girl would find a fellow who seemed wonderful, and almost before she knew what was happening, she'd find herself dating him morning, noon, and night.

Then what? Then her grades would start slipping like an elevator on its way down. She knew. She'd seen it happen. And she'd resolved that it *wouldn't* happen to her! After all, graduating with honors in scholarship meant something, especially to someone who was planning on going away to college and becoming a psychologist.

"Up in the clouds?" Rig asked.

Colleen started. "I — I guess I was."

Rig laughed. "Better come down to earth. That's where the fun is."

Colleen laughed, too. There was no use being too serious on an occasion like this.

All too soon came the last dance, another slow one. The vocalist of the orchestra crooned softly over the loud-speaker.

Rig held Colleen close, as he'd done through all the slow ones. By this time they could coördinate their movements so that they glided about in a symphony of rhythm. Someone had turned the lights down low, and a sweet languor swept over Colleen. She still wondered if Rig had noticed the perfume in her hair. Probably not. Besides, by now it must have become pretty faint.

The orchestra swung into its theme song, and the party was over. On the way off the floor Colleen and Rig passed Mac and Joy.

Mac stopped them and asked, "How about going with us over to the Sweet Spot for malteds?"

Rig looked at Colleen. She almost said, "I've got studying to do." Instead she just murmured, "I — I'd better not."

Rig laughed. "She's got studying to do. She's a grind — a gruesome grind!"

Mac and Joy laughed. Colleen felt her face getting red. She laughed, too, but she didn't know why. Rig's words had struck her like tiny pin points.

"Okay, we'll be seeing you," Mac sang out as he and Joy walked away.

Colleen felt as if she should explain to Rig, but she didn't. Neither did she mention the matter on the way home.

On the porch Rig took hold of her hands. Was he going to kiss her good night? Colleen's face flushed at the thought. No one had ever even asked her for a kiss. But for an endless minute Rig said nothing. He seemed to be waiting for her to do something.

Then, "I — I've had a wonderful time," Colleen blurted out. Rig let go of her hands. "Me, too," he declared.

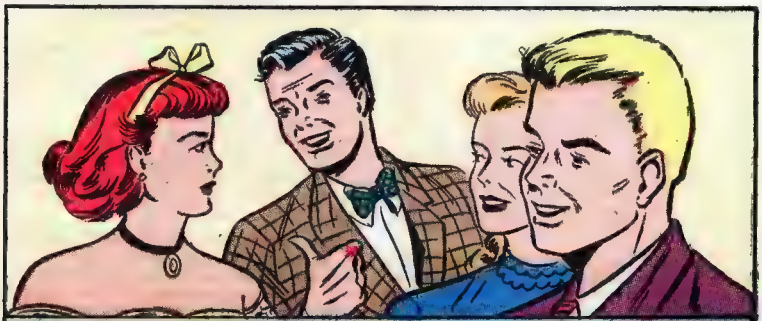
Colleen put one hand on the doorknob.

"When am I going to see you again?" Rig asked.

Colleen's head was whirling. Before she knew it, she'd find herself going steady, and then how about her marks and her career?

"Sometime," she gulped and stepped into the house.

Rig walked off the porch and started down the street, whistling.



Rig laughed. "She's got studying to do. She's a grind—a gruesome grind!"

Tears formed in her eyes as she slowly rose from the chair and started up the stairs to bed.

Inside, Colleen flopped into a big lounge chair beside the radio. For five minutes her thoughts continued whirling. Then they began shaping themselves into patterns.

Why hadn't she let Rig kiss her? He was nicer than most boys, and she liked him better than any of the others.

"She's a grind — a gruesome grind." The words came back slowly. Colleen's eyes narrowed. Why hadn't she said she'd go to the Sweet Spot for malteds, instead of coming home to study? Her face tightened. Maybe she was on the wrong track.

New thoughts crowded into her mind. Did dating a fellow more than once mean that you had to go steady? Couldn't the whole thing be managed with a little common sense? Couldn't a person have a few dates and still keep up her grades?

Colleen sank lower into the chair as a wave of remorse surged through her. If only she hadn't been so cool to Rig on the porch! Now he'd never have anything more to do with her. And neither would any of the other fellows. Everyone would still regard her as a grind — yes, a gruesome grind — who was definitely allergic to men.

Psychologist! What a psychologist *she* had turned out to be, when she couldn't even analyze her own situation! Here she was, with the same feelings and emotions as the other girls, and somehow she hadn't realized it until now!

She twisted her handkerchief until it coiled into hard loops. Tears formed in her eyes as she slowly rose from the chair and started up the stairs to bed.

The doorbell rang. She turned about and stepped to the door. It was Rig! Quickly she opened the door.

"Here's your compact," Rig said, with a broad grin.

Colleen took the compact. "Thanks a lot," she said, flashing him a smile.

For a moment neither one said anything. The fragrance of spring was still in the air, and the moon had gotten well up over the treetops.

Their eyes met, and Rig took her hands. Without a word he bent forward impulsively and kissed her cheek. A warm glow swept through Colleen.

"Thanks for bringing back the compact," she repeated.

"That's all right," Rig said. Then he declared, "I'd like to see you again. Say when."

Colleen smiled. "How about Friday night?"

Rig nodded. "By the way," he said, "that's pretty sharp perfume you've got on. I've been noticing it all evening."

Colleen beamed. "That's *Allure!*" she said.

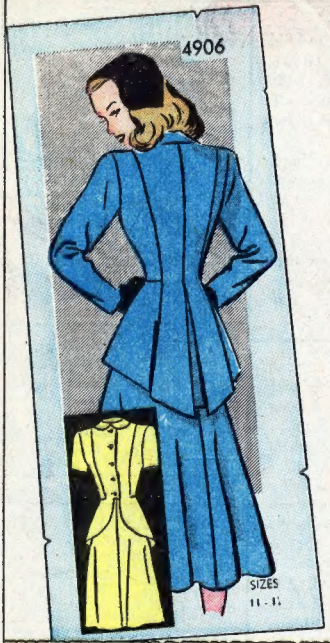
Later, as she lay in her bed reliving the whole evening, the words came back again. "She's a grind — a gruesome grind."

Colleen chuckled softly to herself. In the future he'd have to say, "She *was* a grind." In fact, she might even go so far as to reconsider the matter of a career, but it was good to know that careers and fun *could* mix.

She snuggled cozily between the freshly ironed sheets. Her career decision was something which, like the term paper and the French translation, could wait until later.

THE END

STITCHIN' TIME



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FOOD FOR FUN

SCRUMPTIOUS SQUAB . . .

Want to be a bit luxurious and go Chinese at the same time? Then try this really delicious dish of squab with soy sauce.

Have two jumbo squabs cleaned and ready for roasting —that is, don't split them. Mix three cups of soya sauce with 1½ cups of water and bring this to a boil. Put the squabs in and cover the pot.

Let this cook 25 minutes, but check occasionally to see that there is enough liquid. Take out the squabs and let them cool. Then cut through the bones, dividing them into eight pieces, and arrange the pieces on lettuce leaves.

This doesn't sound very fancy, but wait till you taste the flavor. If you like Chinese dishes, you'll certainly like this one.

COTTAGE CHEESE . . .

If you like to fuss around the kitchen and made lots of things yourself that others buy ready-made, you'll be interested in turning out your own cottage cheese. And it's easier than you may think!

Heat a quart of skimmed milk to lukewarm. While this is going on, soak one junket tablet in a tablespoon of water. When the milk is just right, add the dissolved tablet, stir well and let the milk stand without touching it until it's set.

Now place the junket-milk bowl in a large pan of hot water, and heat until the milk registers 110 degrees for a soft cheese, 120 degrees for stiffer curds.

Pour into a strainer lined with a cloth, gather the corners of the cloth, and squeeze out all the whey. Put the chèese into a glass dish, add a teaspoon of salt and half a cup of sour cream, and garnish with paprika. Chopped fresh herbs may be added if you wish.

LUSCIOUS LEMON . . .

How about surprising your family with a lemon pie for dessert tomorrow? Here goes:

Soak a tablespoon of gelatin in a little cold water. Combine half a cup of lemon juice, ¼ of a teaspoon of salt and the lightly beaten yolks of four eggs. Cook in the top of a double boiler, stirring until thickened. Add the dissolved gelatin and a teaspoon or more of grated lemon rind. Blend well, and let the mixture cool slightly.

Beat the egg whites until they're stiff, with half a cup of sugar, and whip one cup of heavy cream until it's stiff. When the custard starts to thicken, beat it with a wire whisk to make it fluffy, fold in the egg whites, and then fold in the cream.

Pour into a baked pie shell and chill thoroughly before serving.

This is a winner that always rates top honors!

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